New Statesman

The Week-end Review

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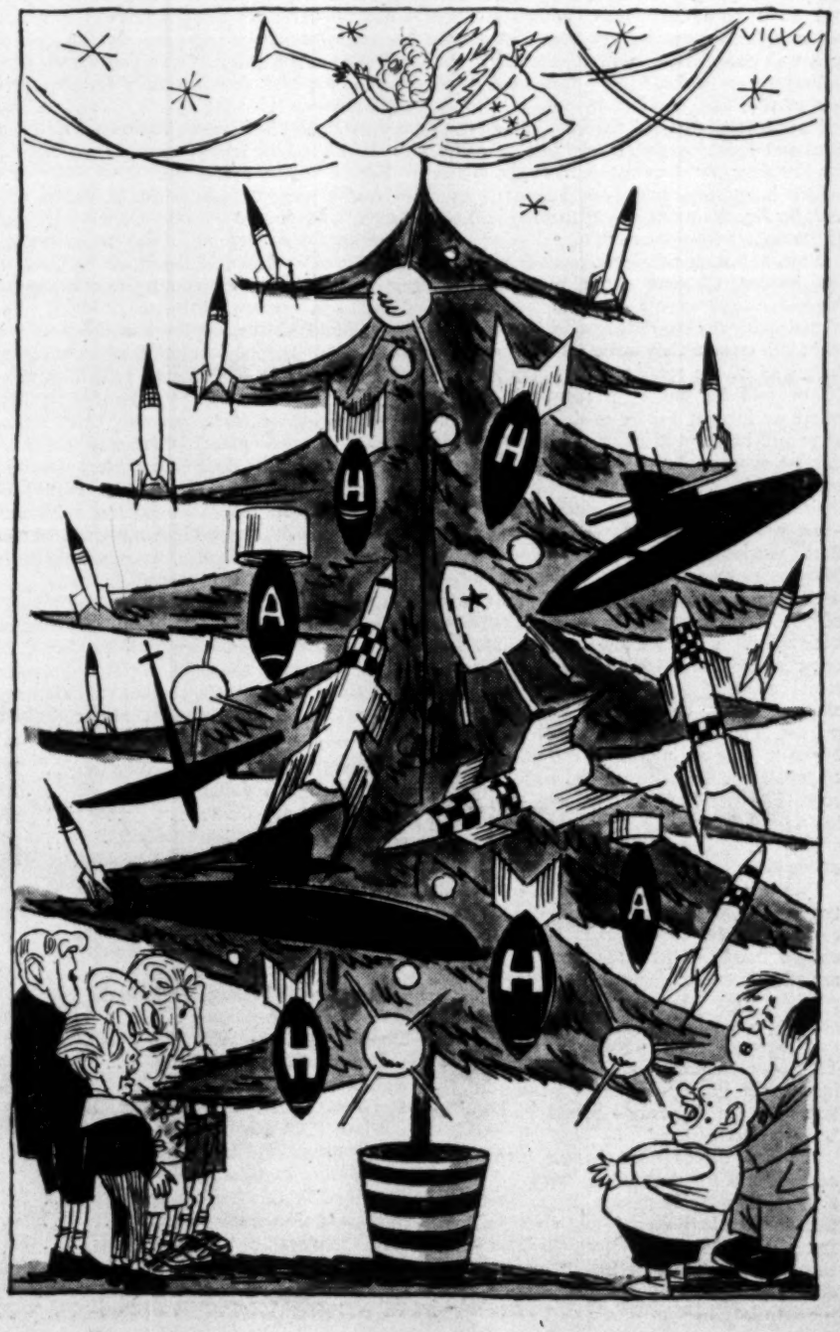

Comments on the Week's News

The Railways

Commercial Freedom

Our Economic Correspondent writes: For a generation, successive Ministers of Transport have tried to devise ways of making the railways efficient and of co-ordinating them with other forms of transport. Mr Marples, under strong pressure from both the doctrinaires of the Tory Party and the road haulage lobby, has given up the attempt to reconcile these two objectives.

The original plan of transport nationalisation was based on sound principles. It recognised that an efficient transport network in Britain depended upon the integration of rail and road services, so that full use could be made of the capital sunk in the railways, so that as much heavy traffic as possible could be kept off the roads, and so that rail and road could be made complementary rather than destructively competitive. This plan was never given a fair chance. First, the railways were saddled with a compensation burden that they could carry only by depressed conditions that led to poor labour relations and disastrous public relations; secondly, road haulage was denationalised by the Tories before integration had even begun to pay; and, finally, the roads began to steal millions of passengers from the railways.

Now, at last, something is to be done about the burden of debt – the millstone that crushed every sensible effort to work out a wages policy for the railwaymen. The government will immediately write off £400m of this debt, and of the remaining £1,200m another £800m will be put in a suspense account where no interest will be paid. Thus, the railways will be relieved of over £40m a year in interest charges. At the same time they will be freed from the statutory restrictions on their charges – with the exception of London – and will be able to fix rates as they see fit. Both proposals may enable them, as Mr Marples proposes, to pay their way within five years. But they involve a striking reversal of two axioms of government policy: that nationalised industries must pay the costs of compensation, and that the railways are a social asset of such importance that their charges cannot be determined solely by the market. For the first time since parliament began to take an interest in the railways, the customer will have to pay the true economic costs. Has the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in rightly discarding the former of these axioms, fully considered the profound effect of the latter on the economy as a whole?

One consequence will be to drive certain types of traffic – hitherto carried at a concealed subsidy – off the rails and on to the choked roads – where the haulage interests are already doing boom business. This may be profitable, but it is not sensible. And, to make matters worse, the task of co-ordinating transport services as a whole passes from the Transport Commission, itself admittedly an inadequate instrument as at present constituted, to the Minister – helped only by an 'advisory committee.'

No one denies that changes were badly needed, and the decision to write off money advanced by the Exchequer is the most effective financial help the railways could be given. But the decision, in effect, to abandon a co-ordinated transport policy may prove a disastrous error – though Mr Marples takes the co-ordinating functions which he should now assume so lightly that he is not even asking for increased 'powers and responsibilities'. It is not merely a matter of the price the community must pay for 'commercial freedom' in higher rail charges, cuts in the modernisation programme and reduced services: it is also the green light for costly chaos on the roads.

Laos

After The Fighting

DOROTHY WOODMAN *writes:* The British government is now thoroughly alarmed by the crisis in Laos, which last week-end looked uncomfortably like Mr Dulles's 'brink-of-war' in Indo-China in 1954. The Foreign Secretary's appeal to let bygones be bygones may prove a nice enough piece of brinkmanship to check an extension of the organised fighting, but it will not end the guerrilla war. Despite the support of the National Assembly for the rebel government, left-wing parties continue to acknowledge Souvanna Phouma, now in Cambodia, as the legal Prime Minister.

Behind these events the Cold War has entered a more dangerous phase. Russia and China, and indeed all the Communist and neutralist countries of Asia, are accusing America of military intervention in Laos in an attempt to use the country as a bridge to China. In return, America, which has squandered $250m. on Laos in the past five years, and itself sponsored the recent coup, now accuses the Russians of providing military aid. The facts appear to be that the first Soviet airlift was arranged only three weeks ago to take in petrol, flour and sugar to Vientiane, which had been blockaded by Thailand. At the height of the battle for Vientiane, four Russian howitzers were sent to the loyalist forces; these remained on the airfield where they landed, since nobody knew how to use them. That was all.

Last week Mr Nehru sent a new plea to Britain and Russia asking them to reconvene the International Commission on Laos, of which they are co-chairmen. This Commission (like those on Cambodia and Vietnam) was set up in 1954 as part of the Geneva agreements; it has not met since 1958. Again and again this journal has suggested that it should be recalled. But neither the repeated and pressing persuasion of Mr Nehru, nor those of the Soviet government, have induced Britain to agree. The weakness of the Commission has in fact lain in Britain's subservience to America, which has consistently opposed the Commission's recall. As long as America equates neutrality with Communism, the struggle for Laos will continue. Both Souvanna Phouma and Souphanovong, now leading the Pathet Lao forces, are essential for stable government.

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Nepal

The King's Puzzle

A Special Correspondent writes: Only a week ago Nepal looked like a remarkably successful example of democracy developing in a very retarded country. The King has now, for the time at least, squashed the new democracy. He has not told anyone why – nor is this in itself surprising: he gives people who meet him the impression of being an able and secretive man with an autocratic temperament. His actions have often puzzled outsiders. Even after he had pledged himself to hold free elections in 1958 the political parties feared that he intended to by-pass them. But he was in fact as good as his word. The elections were held with surprising success; they were orderly and enthusiastic; the moderate Congress Party was returned with an overwhelming majority. Since then there has been nothing, on the surface at least, to account for the King's using his wide powers to dissolve parliament; nor is it known why he has arrested B. P. Koirala, the sensible and cautious Premier, and his colleagues. Western newspapers have talked vaguely about fear of Communism; but in fact, the Communists have no say in the councils of the Congress Party. B. P. Koirala and his colleagues may be criticised, if at all, for an excess of caution. All anyone can say now is that the King has presumably taken alarm at a democratic trend which he probably never liked, and has decided to act autocratically.

Congo

African Intervention

A Special Correspondent writes: At the moment when the UN operation in the Congo seemed about to disintegrate, there is news of the most hopeful development for months. Mr Hammarskjold's admission of his inability to take any decisive action is a disheartening reflection of UN impotence arising from the Cold War divisions within the Security Council, and now repeated in the General Assembly. Dr Nkrumah is understandably showing signs of impatience by threatening to substitute an African high command for the disintegrating UN force. Yet there are still signs that the new African members of the UN are not prepared to allow the great powers to destroy the organisation's function in Africa. It is the newly independent French-speaking states who have taken the constructive step of calling together in Brazzaville representatives of all the Congolese factions. This African initiative to secure even a tem-

porary political settlement is long overdue. The heads of state of these French-speaking countries have heard evidence from the contesting Congo factions and have initiated a round-table conference between the leaders themselves. It is too early to judge whether this initiative will have any success; but it is encouraging to note that a further meeting is to be held in the New Year.

Washington

Kennedy's Cabinet

ROBERT BENDINER *writes:* The 20th Amendment to the Constitution, which shortened the period of lame-duck government, was good but clearly not good enough. Even ten weeks is a long while to be marking time, nationally, and the effect has been one of government moving from the merely languid to the all but inert. What with the flight of gold, the mischief of diehard segregationists, and a world full of daily diplomatic warfare, there should have been a drumfire of news out of Washington, but for six weeks after the election the front pages of the press were largely preempted by local scandal, Congolese and Louisiana politics, which turn out to have much in common, and the dreary suggestions of Republican statesmen that Nixon may have won after all. Only toward the middle of December did real news begin to flow from Washington. It, of course, concerned the almost painfully deliberate choosing of the Kennedy government's top personnel.

The Cabinet proper will hardly be a glittering array of national celebrities. A columnist in the pro-Kennedy *New York Post* is dismayed to the point of calling it 'the dimmest Cabinet since Buchanan's'. But the sourness of such observations, it seems, is in direct proportion to their authors' disappointment over Kennedy's failure to make Adlai Stevenson Secretary of State. While the nation, not to mention the world, is barely familiar with such names as Dean Rusk, Robert S. McNamara and Stewart Udall, the fact is that the Kennedy Cabinet promises an unusual degree of vigour and clarity. It will be Kennedy's Cabinet, however, not an aggregation of prima donnas; and if it turns out to be long on administrative skill and short on imagination, the new President will rely on other appointees for the latter commodity.

From the start, public interest has focused on Kennedy's apparent struggle to fill the more powerful and strategic Cabinet posts. Nothing could better demonstrate his determination to start fresh, unsaddled by the mistakes and reputations of earlier Administrations, than the choice of McNamara as defence chief and Rusk as Secretary of State. At least a half-dozen names identified with the Roosevelt, Truman and Eisenhower regimes recommended themselves for the non-partisan defence job, but it is the Kennedy thesis that times are moving too swiftly to rely on men whose military thinking may go back to the antique days of the A-bomb and who have in any case been involved in the endless bickerings of the Pentagon. Looking for a young and brilliant administrator with a fresh eye, what could be more natural than for the President-elect to put his finger on the man who only a few weeks ago became, at 44, the first outsider to assume the presidency of the Ford Motor Company; a man, moreover, who has shocked the automobile industry by looking and talking like the erstwhile Harvard professor he is.

That the President-elect's eye should have fallen on Rusk for the top Cabinet post is perhaps more surprising; but, given Kennedy's general approach, this selection, too, had a high degree of logic. Granted that a Secretary of State must know more of international affairs than a defence minister need know of missiles, Kennedy was eager to have a man capable of making fresh starts, unidentified with episodes likely to beget an automatic and rigid reaction to his appointment either at home or abroad. Primarily a technician in his days as Assistant Secretary for Far Eastern Affairs under Truman, Rusk managed to come through the experience without becoming either a villain or a hero to the China Lobby.

In some quarters this very failure to have made an impression is enough to put Rusk down as a grey and shadowy figure, who will merely follow the new President's lead. A fairer judgment seems to be that he is a soft-spoken diplomat, professionally cautious but not necessarily lacking in strong views. His objections to Summitry as such – and they go far beyond its downgrading of foreign ministers – should not place him in the category of the intransigents so far as negotiating with Moscow, or ultimately even with Peking, is concerned. If that were the case, neither Stevenson nor Bowles would have agreed for a moment to work under him. Nor would the *New York Daily News* have greeted the three foreign policy appointments with the delicately phrased hope that the Senate 'will see fit to probe deeply and thoroughly into the backgrounds and attitudes of this appeasement-smelling trio'.

Nagaland

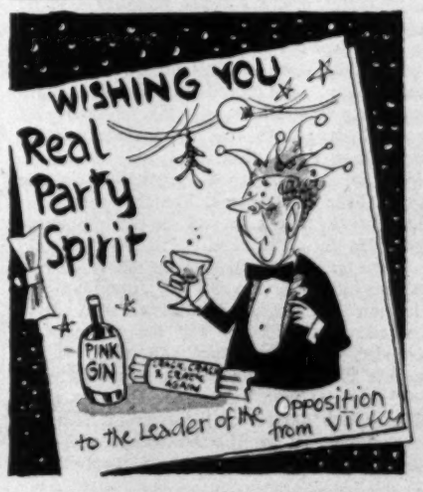
A Weakling State?

A Correspondent in Assam writes: Will Nagaland, the latest – and 16th – state of India, be too feeble to live? It will be the smallest of the states, with an area of 6,600 square-miles and a population of 380,000. About 3,300 square-miles of this – the Tuensang district – and about 80,000 people, will remain directly under the administration of the Assam Governor for ten years because the people there are more backward than the rest of Nagas and need special attention to develop. Its revenue will be only about £38,000 a year. Its annual expenditure at the moment is over £3,600,000. When the new state comes into being, the deficit will increase. Where will the funds come from? From the Union government, of course. And the question which arises is whether a perpetually bankrupt state can survive. Will it really enjoy autonomy?

There are still, according to the government estimates, 2,000 armed Nagas and another 2,000 camp followers in the jungle fighting for independence from India. They have not accepted the agreement between the moderate Naga leadership and the government of India on the creation of Nagaland. The Indian army has been engaged against the rebels for the last five years without much success, and the new state will presumably have to retain the army. Yet one of the hopes of the people has been that the army would withdraw when an elected government came to power.

Moreover some of the constitutional problems occasioned by the creation of the new state are still unsolved. An interim body of elected representatives of each of the 14 tribes was to come into being last month to advise the Assam Governor on the administration of the Naga Hills until the new state was created. But some Naga tribes have only just elected representatives to this interim body; and the Angami Nagas, who live in and around the administrative headquarters of Kohima and form a major tribe, have still not done so. They will not participate in the setting up of an interim body until there is complete agreement between the 'underground' and the 'overground' Nagas on the basic question of creating a new state.

Everything at the moment appears to suggest that the birth of the Nagaland will be a very difficult one. How to make the new state acceptable to all Nagas? The party opposing the agreement with India is the Naga National Council. Perhaps even that party, in its sane moments, thinks that a separate state within India is a reasonable solution of the problem. Its grievance is that the government of India does not negotiate with it directly. A more satisfactory and workable solution might well be arrived at if the Indian and rebel Naga leaders met.



Paris

Volte-Face

Our Paris Correspondent writes: 'Inconsistency', said Emerson, 'need not be altogether a defect: it may reflect a complex and honest mind working on inherently difficult problems'. Would it be right to apply this ingenious defence to de Gaulle's increasingly erratic policy towards Algeria? Last week, when he landed in Paris after his disastrous tour, the President, visibly angry, announced: 'My Algerian policy is the only good one. We must continue to pursue it'. This could only mean, on the face of it, that de Gaulle still intended to create his 'third force' in Algeria, and to install his 'provisional executive', despite opposition from all sides, after the result of the referendum.

But two days later, during the course of a Cabinet meeting at the Elysée Palace, de Gaulle severely rebuked a sycophantic minister who took it upon himself to praise the wisdom of this plan. To the general astonishment, he pronounced: 'Two days after the referendum, I shall open negotiations with the FLN.' He went on to say that he placed little faith in his 'provisional institutions', and that nothing could be accomplished without the agreement of Ferhat Abbas.

Such a *volte-face* could scarcely remain a Cabinet secret for long; indeed, within 24 hours, it was common knowledge in political

circles in Paris. The newspapers published it almost as a statement of fact. 'The President of the Republic', wrote *Le Monde*, 'intends to make a spectacular gesture to ensure that, this time, serious negotiations can be opened'. Already, there is talk of preliminary contacts, and even on the wireless commentators are openly speculating how and where the new talks will begin.

All this is very well. This is the solution which the Left has always asked for, and there is general gratification that the orthodox press and radio are now accepting the peace-talks which hitherto they had condemned. But where is the famous Cartesian logic? Why should Frenchmen be asked to vote on 8 January for or against provisional institutions for Algeria which de Gaulle himself, their author, has no real intention of establishing? Why should not the referendum ask, purely and simply, whether the nation is for or against negotiations?

Here, surely, is a type of inconsistency which is not the reflection of a 'complex and honest mind', but an inevitable source of paralysis and confusion. And against this confusion the Gaullists are impotent – despite the fact that its first victim is likely to be the General himself. For if he privately rejects his official plan as impracticable, he cannot in logic expect intelligent Frenchmen to vote for it. And if, in addition to the *ultras* and the classic Right, the whole of the Left rejects it, where will he find the 'massive majority' in France which he says he needs?

Road Safety

The Christmas Drunks

C. H. ROLPH *writes:* In its 20th century, Christmas has a new meaning on the roads. Probably the most misleading (and malleable) of all the 'behaviour' statistics are those about drunkenness, partly because drunkenness is a relative and subjective state, partly because the official figures can be based only on the small proportion of the drunks who are prosecuted, and partly because so many propagandist bodies use them for conflicting purposes. The Economic Research Council, for example, which carries out drunkenness surveys on behalf of the United Kingdom Alliance for the Total Suppression of the Liquor Traffic, was able to report that 21 girls got drunk in 1954 as against only 14 in 1953. The 'inescapable conclusion', it declared, was that 'not only is the young male indulging in liquor to an increasing extent, but he is using his surplus of earnings to demoralise the young girl as, or before, she leaves school'. To remove all doubt about this, there was a table showing the liability of girl drinkers to have illegitimate babies.

Now the Christian Economic and Social Research Foundation, which issues an annual report on Drink Offences and Drinking Trends, has published a study called *Publicans and Drunkenness* (2s. post free from 12 Caxton Street, SW1), which is an unexpectedly sturdy defence of publicans. It is 'based on official statistics covering the period 1955 to 1959', and it is specially, but not exclusively, concerned with 'motorised drunkenness'. Publicans appear as a restraining influence, not so much on the teenage drinkers as on men between 30 and 60 – publicans don't get to know the teenagers and have no over-the-counter relation with them.

Increases in the annual total of 'pedestrian drunks' are not of much significance when looked at against the 1900-1910 background; but the 'motorised drunk' is a growing social menace calling (so far in vain) for the most careful statistical work, and going far to justify what is rarely justifiable in law-enforcement – drastic measures based upon statistical probabilities. The number of convictions is very much smaller than the number of prosecutions, and the number of prosecutions comes nowhere near the number of 'drunk-and-driving' offences. *Publicans and Drunkenness* emphasises two lamentable consequences of this. First, its effect is to belittle social importance of the problem, so that 'the efforts of the enlightened publican towards a more responsible attitude on the part of his patrons are not encouraged'; and secondly it encourages the irresponsible to take a chance. So does the fact that the techniques available to the police for assessing toxic degrees are 'uncertain and subjective'.

The Christian Economic and Social Research Foundation has already published (in April this year) figures obtained from Chief Constables rather suggesting that women and young men are not the drunk drivers – that the culprits are older men. Its present report is, in the main, a plea for the regular publication of the number of prosecutions for 'motorised drunkenness'. This, it is credibly claimed, would 'shorten the lag between fact, realisation, and remedial activity', the supposition being that publicans would thus be encouraged in the preventive work which, to put it no higher, is for 'the trade' a form of enlightened self-interest. It would also be more realistic than the publication merely of road casualty figures which, at Christmas or any other time, are but the product of chance meetings between variously capable motorists and variously nimble victims.

Science

Midwinter Solstice

NIGEL CALDER *writes:* For the modern-style explorers at the South Pole, the sun has now crawled its full 23½ degrees above the horizon; but in the laboratories of the north these are the short days when bourbon, scotch and vodka get spilt on expensive equipment and knife-like brains become blunted. Science is abandoned to the quizmasters (*Who were the Lunaticks and why?*) although there are probably some fellows shivering by the Caspian preparing a new cosmic firework to hail the promised return of spring.

For me the party began early, with a group of astronomers in Leningrad a fortnight ago, throwing back a wry toast to Alphonsus, the lunar crater where Nikolai Kozyrev says he spied an active volcano, but didn't. There will be many spoken or unspoken toasts of that kind among scientists just now, for research remains surely the most frustrating of occupations. Big frustrations, like the reluctance of heavy hydrogen to fuse on a scale suitable for power production, and the intractable cipher of the chemical instructions in the genes; little frustrations, like the instrument that proves inadequate and the pet hypothesis that falls flat on its face.

However, there will also be plenty of real celebrations: for the British, American and German molecular biologists who have figured out structures for the proteins of myoglobin, haemoglobin and the tobacco mosaic virus; for the British microbiologists and chemists who have made the new penicillin which massacres the resistant form of staphylococcus; for the Americans and Germans with the first test-tube chlorophyll, the green sun-trap molecule on which the hierarchy of terrestrial life is founded; for the Soviet and American rocket engineers who have found the way *back* from space for their recoverable satellites.

Most scientists take Christmas as they find it, but in some circles I suppose there will be the usual arguments about parthenogenesis and the Star of Bethlehem. The latter gives plenty of scope for speculation; there are so many things it could have been. It might have been two bright planets close together; or the new moon illuminated by earthshine; or a *nova*, an exploding star. The Swedish astronomer Lundmark thought the Magi may have followed a *nova* recorded in China in 5 BC. The Chinese astronomers kept much the best astronomical records over many centuries, and their observations of 'guest stars' have been invaluable for the radio-astronomers, who can sometimes detect the aftermaths of the explosions.

For those who like to reflect on creation and such matters after Christmas dinners, the radio-astronomers have, this season, something weightier to offer than the nature of the Star in the East. At Jodrell Bank they are measuring the apparent sizes of distant radio-stars, and they are finding, to their surprise, that the further away the stars are, the smaller they seem to be. What, you may ask, is surprising about that? Nothing, according to 19th-century habits of thought; but since Einstein put perspective-distorting spectacles on the human race, this is not supposed to happen. Those most distant radio galaxies, streaking away from us at half the speed of light, are supposed to stop getting smaller and actually to start getting bigger again the further away they lie. It is really too exasperating for the cosmologists that they seem to be obeying pre-relativistic common-sense: and the two fashionable theories about the nature of the universe are both looking a little rocky: whether the universe is expanding from a central origin, or is infinite in space and time, those stars are in either case too small. The merchants of the infinite may have more difficulty wriggling out of this one than their rivals.

Finally, for anyone who finds ordinary space-time too cramping, a scientific ghost story – about a physicist who had a recurring dream: Every night he found himself looking down a lonely hillside on a rocket half-buried in the snow, with a little green hominid beside it. Every night he was consumed with a passion to talk to this little man, to ask him where he came from, and whether his teachers had made sense of the 30-odd fundamental particles of matter. But every night as he set off down the hill, the little green man scrambled into his rocket, crying 'Too late!'.

Thinking that fresh air would calm his mind, the physicist set out for a walk one evening before bedtime. He climbed to the brow of a lonely hill; and there below him was the rocket and the little green man. Now was his chance to share the knowledge of an advanced scientific community. But the little green man saw our friend trotting through the snow and scrambled into the rocket.

'Wait!' called the physicist.

'Too late! We're just leaving', replied the visitor.

'Why?' asked the physicist, all out of breath.

'This planet's no good: it's haunted,' came the reply.

'What do you mean? Who's been haunting you?'

The little green man snapped: 'You!' – and slammed the hatch.

Woman's Place?

BARBARA WOOTTON

Under the auspices of the Conservative Political Centre Miss Joan Barnes has produced a pamphlet entitled *A Woman's Place: Wider Horizons.** Some day, let us hope, a similar pamphlet will appear on *Man's Place*. Or perhaps a daily paper will match its Woman's Page with a Man's Page explicitly so called; or the entries in the index of a sociological textbook under the heading 'man' will even approximate to those to be found under the heading 'woman'. When those days come we shall know that we have arrived, and need not bother any more.

Meanwhile let us, with the help of Miss Barnes, count our blessings. Her pamphlet is admirably informative (and glossy too) and the changes it describes are by no means to be sneezed at. Virtually all available single women of working age are now at work, while about half the women who work are married. Equal pay has been established in the civil service, where women make up about one third of the non-industrial employees. Two women are permanent heads of civil service departments, while a number of others have risen to positions in which men must work under them. Women are now familiar figures in law and medicine: four are QCs, one is a metropolitan magistrate, one a town clerk. There are 25 women in the House of Commons, three of whom hold office, and five in the House of Lords. Few citadels, in fact, remain unbreached. Even the walls of the London Stock Exchange are said to be beginning to tremble.

Most of these changes have been brought about by what it is now the fashion to describe as 'aggressive feminism'. But the sheer illogicality of some situations has played its part too – adding, incidentally, a welcome touch of humour to the story. Two such incidents I recall from my own experience. Shortly after the first world war I was invited by the (unusually progressive) economics faculty at Cambridge to lecture to male undergraduates. The university, however, refused to announce the lectures in its official journal on the ground that 'this person' was not, and could not then be, one of its members. Eventually a compromise was reached under which the lectures were announced in the name of Mr H. D. Henderson, with a footnote to say that I should give them. The second incident occurred a year or two later, when at the age of 29 I became a Justice of the Peace and sat in judgment on my fellows, but was not considered mature enough to cast a vote until I had reached the age of 30.

Much indeed has been accomplished. In nearly every sphere of public activity the sex which constitutes the majority of the population is now at least a visible minority. But almost always a minority; and a smaller minority, the higher you go. This fact Miss Barnes, quoting Maurice Duverger and a UN seminar in support, attributes partly to women's 'shyness and lack of confidence' and partly to the tendency of men to 'gang up' against additional rivals.

'Ganging up', however, is much too strong a word. Contemporary discriminations are of a subtler order – and for that reason more difficult to deal with. 'Can it be asserted', asks a *Times* leading article, 'that women are justifying their claim to the privileges they are now accorded?' No sentence could better convey the quality of the unspoken discriminations of our time. 'Privileges' indeed! Accorded by whom? Both Miss Barnes and the author of the *Times* article refer, amongst other things, to the rarity with which women become managing directors or members of the boards of large firms. In practice such boards are, of course, recruited mainly by co-option. Neither writer, however, suggests how a woman is to get herself on to a hitherto masculine board if the men do not invite her. How many women, one would like to know, have refused such invitations through 'shyness' or 'lack of confidence'?

Today the most effective barrier to women's further advancement is simply the masculine habit of politely ignoring their existence. (But with joy be it said this attitude is wholly absent from their Lordships' House.) Political cabinet-makers tend to choose one or two outstanding women, and then ignore the rest. Employers, considering whom to promote, tend to think only of 'likely young men'. In many respects, indeed, the experiences of women are analogous to those of coloured people in a white man's country. Admittedly we are not refused admission to restaurants, though there used to be, and for all I know still may be, pubs which announce that 'a lady will not be served unless accompanied by a gentleman'. But every woman who dines in smartish restaurants must have discovered that, unless she is very well known there, her chances of getting good service are noticeably reduced if her party is purely feminine. In applying for jobs, too, unless it is clear that applications from women will be acceptable, a woman's chance of being interviewed is generally increased if she signs her name 'M. Smith' rather than 'Margaret Smith'. But her sex, like a black skin, is all too often a barrier to getting beyond the interview.

Mathematical equality of the sexes in public and professional life cannot, of course, be expected. Inasmuch as it takes longer (and is a good deal more trouble) to bear and nurse a child than to beget one, a certain proportion of women will always be fully engaged in this necessary and enjoyable occupation. Today the actual bearing and nursing of children – the one domestic activity of which men are inherently incapable – is estimated to occupy about three and a half years of the life of the average woman. It follows that even if we reckon on a potential working life at no more than 30 years, and even if *all* other domestic activities were equally shared by both sexes, we should still expect at any one time to find rather more than ten men for every nine women engaged in occupations outside the home. Indeed the disproportion, particularly in the more responsible or highly skilled employments, might well be somewhat greater than this; for the prospect of these interruptions may legitimately be thought slightly to reduce a woman's reliability in such positions, and to diminish the return to an employer from money invested in her training.

But, of course, all other domestic responsibilities are *not* equally shared – unless in wholly exceptional homes. A married woman's choice of jobs, for example, is generally restricted to the area of her husband's employment. How often does the converse situation occur? Again, neither Miss Barnes nor *The Times* mentions the chores, though Miss Barnes has much to say about the priority of 'woman's role of wife and mother'. Woman's work in the home is no longer, she writes, 'the object of theoretical reverence and practical disdain'. Yet, theoretical reverence or practical disdain notwithstanding, a great deal of domestic work does consist of chores and tedious ones at that. It used to be said that men must work and women must weep. 'Emancipated women', however, must now do both; and they weep from the sheer strain of always trying to do two jobs at once – one at home and one outside. For this reason one cannot wonder, though one may sometimes regret, that some of the younger women of today are disposed to turn their back on the opportunities so hardly won by their forbears, and even to adopt an aggressively 'I-am-not-a-feminist' attitude. For unlike many of those forbears, they are not supported by staffs of reliable servants and virtually self-regulating households.

Here then is where the next revolution is needed. And that revolution has already begun. In all social classes the role of fathers has been and still is changing. It no longer ends with wiping up. In more and more homes father at least occasionally baths the children or takes them out on Saturdays or Sundays while mother gets the dinner or even takes a nap. I can see no reason why we should not travel much further along this road – almost, if not quite, as far as the point at which everything that can be shared is shared; nor any reason why the man as husband and father should not enjoy 'theoretical reverence' and incur practical obligations comparable to those of the woman as wife and mother. It is true that if men's and women's work were regarded as both of equal value inside and outside the home, great reorganisations might be needed in working hours and arrangements in the industrial and professional worlds. But greater social changes than this have happened before. Nor would women be the only beneficiaries of a movement towards less unequal sharing. Children too have much to gain from a father who is more than a week-end treat or a week-end threat. And even husbands and fathers themselves (like other master races) may come to find partnership more rewarding than imperial rule.

Fair shares, however, whether inside or outside the home, are still a long way off. In Miss Barnes' pamphlet are two pictures, one at the beginning, one at the end. The first is a reproduction of an illustration from *Pride and Prejudice*, showing Charlotte Lucas holding Mr Collins' hand and reflecting that, although his society was irksome, his attachment to her imaginary and he himself neither sensible nor agreeable, she might as well marry him, since marriage was the only honourable provision for well educated young women of small fortune. The second picture, which has no caption, shows a man and a girl, again holding hands, while with his other hand the man is pointing down a road. The eyes of the girl follow where he points. Like Charlotte, she too seems to be listening. Oh! well, anyway their clothes at least are different from those in the frontispiece.

*Conservative Political Centre, 2s.

NEXT WEEK

Two Nations in Algeria
by JEAN DANIEL

A Glimpse of India
by V. S. PRITCHETT

Why the Coup Failed

By a Special Correspondent

Forty-four years is an unconscionably long time to rule a country, and many Ethiopians breathed a sigh of relief last week when they thought Haile Selassie's remarkable career had ended. But it is one thing to wish that you had an up-to-date leader of the country, full of reformist zeal and pan-African fervour. It is quite another to outwit a man who has learnt to balance opposing forces with the care and subtlety of a watch-maker. Since he became Regent at the age of 24, Haile Selassie has survived with marvellous tenacity of purpose no less than seven violent attempts to unseat him, as well as innumerable abortive plots. In this latest attempted *coup d'état*, the officers in the Imperial Guard and their civilian confederates were a long way from success, and their plot looks amateurish indeed beside the Byzantine cunning of the Emperor.

It is easy to see the climate in which the plot grew. There has been widespread dissatisfaction among the younger generation with Ethiopia's slow economic progress and cumbersome administration. Young army officers find their promotion blocked by the old guard. Young administrators freshly back from Europe are frustrated by the obscurantism of their superiors; the dislike between young and old is mutual. Germame Neway, who seems to have been the mainspring of the plot, is a young progressive typical of this generation. He graduated in America after the war and has been in touch with the leaders of African nationalism. Since his return his house in Addis has been the focus for young Ethiopian intellectuals. With his remarkable political gifts, however, he has been entrusted with the crucial governorship of Jig-Jiga, the capital of the dissident province of Oqaden. Lately, he had been 'having trouble with his accounts' and had been staying in Addis.

It is possible that the Emperor knew that Neway was up to something (he has a marvellously keen ear for intrigue of all sorts, including the love-life of foreign diplomats) and had arranged for him to be delayed in Addis. More likely Neway was able to find an excuse to stay while he put the finishing touches to the *coup*. He brought other civilians, like the Minister of Information, into the plot. For fighting men he could rely on his brother, the Commander of the Imperial Bodyguard, and the Chief of Police.

His brother, General Menghistu, had not made a name either as a great warrior or an able politician. But he was an excellent welfare officer, and could count on the passionate personal loyalty of his troops. Most of the officers would share the political views of Neway in varying degrees: at worst, they would feel a grudge at poor prospects of promotion. The ordinary soldiers of the bodyguard had a grievance over conditions of service: they considered that the army was being given preferential treatment. All was ready for the break-out on the day that the Emperor reached Brasilia, the furthest point on his journey westwards. Back in Ethiopia the regular army – weakened by a recent reshuffle of brigade commanders – was far to the east in the Oqaden, or in unfriendly Eritrea on the distant northern frontier.

Why did the carefully laid plans miscarry? The Emperor had devised a safety device, rather like an automatic braking system, which would work when he was out of the country. The army units, commanded by General Mangasha, could be counted on to oppose the bodyguard, and the air force would frustrate whichever looked like upsetting the regime. True to expectations, the air force refused to co-operate with the bodyguard when they revolted, giving time for General Mangasha to bring up troops from the provinces; and so the services' airfield at Bishoftu, which was the key to the successful occupation of Addis Ababa, remained in loyalist hands, and in two days Mangasha was sufficiently powerful to counter-attack.

In certain respects the coup resembles the previous attempted military coup of 1952, which was led by some disgruntled army officers. This was snuffed out by other units and, though some officers were executed and others banished, it caused little stir. But for the scale of this attempted *coup d'état*, we must go back to the grand old days of feudalism. In the 1928 palace revolution, the conservative nobles who had made Tefan, as he then was, the Regent and effective ruler of the country, turned the palace guards against him. It was only his personal prestige that saved him from their machine guns, and he managed to bring up his own retainers and force the mutineers to surrender. In the four armed rebellions by feudal nobles that followed in 1930, 1943 and 1944, he was able to play off his enemies against each other, just as he has done in the recent struggle.

It is not known how far Ras Imru, his cousin and his childhood companion in Marrav, was implicated in the plot: he had certainly quarrelled with the Emperor, who had promptly banished him to an embassy in Moscow. But the other feudal Rases, like Ras Abeba, stuck by the Emperor; some may have even given their lives, when Mengishi's men showed their lack of finesse by training a machine gun on their hostages. (To the Emperor this would appear a crude and unnecessary blood-bath: he has always found it better to put away his enemies than to shoot them.) Among the people at large, the Emperor's popularity has shown no signs of waning in this revolt. To confirm his authority, however, he played the card that he last used in the 1930 rebellion led by Ras Gugsa. The Archbishop signed a leaflet excommunicating those who opposed the Emperor, and apparently the Imperial Guard crumbled when they found that heaven was against them.

One consolation that the Emperor will draw, as he spends Christmas among his family, is that the way to the succession may be clearer. It is most improbable that the Crown Prince willingly co-operated with the rebels; he is not made of the stuff to oppose his father very far. But that he co-operated even under duress is hardly to his credit. The Emperor may now feel that the Crown Prince has shown himself unfit for the onerous task of government, and might well select instead his young grandson, Alexander Desra, who commands the Ethiopian navy. The latter is both more popular and more intelligent, and if the social and political forces sweeping Africa decide that the next ruler of Ethiopia is a constitutional monarch, he would make a most decorative sailor king.

London Diary

CRITIC

Theoretically Ulbricht has announced the end of our world from 1 January 1961, but Dr Adenauer and his western allies are clearly determined not to allow the East Germans to spoil their Christmas. That is the kind of world we live in – bluff and counter-bluff on the edge of a bottomless pit. Berlin is a Communist hostage, and the West prefers to leave it so because any kind of change would involve a climb down; we have even left off seeking disengagement in Central Europe in a package deal which might remove tension. Both sides know all about the danger. If East Berlin were actually to interrupt western communications with Berlin, no breakthrough with tanks or repetition of the air lift would this time be possible. The West assumes that Russia controls the East German government; in that case, since Moscow is against war, it is argued that the East Germans are again repeating a familiar piece of gamesmanship in order to increase their prestige when their trade treaty is signed with Bonn. That is the assumption. We can only hope it is justified.

★ ★ ★

To me the Labour Party always looks rather like a lot of books on a long shelf. At one end are volumes in pink-mauve jackets that nowadays represent Gaitskell and, say, Soskice. At the other end are bright red covers worn by Zilliacus, Silverman and a few others. The right end has always wanted to push the left off the shelves. In the Thirties Herbert Morrison used to do the pushing at annual conferences. The Left that was pushed off even included Nye, Stafford Cripps and George Strauss. The usual excuse in those days was that the Left wanted to work with the Communists. Today, no one can seriously accuse any Labour MP's of being even *communisants*. Perhaps they may be better compared to the ILP. But at what point should the Gaitskell purge begin? Clearly not so far to the right as Harold Wilson, who was wicked enough to stand against Gaitskell for the leadership. Nor so far to the centre as Barbara Castle, one of the most popular Labour MP's. What about Tony Greenwood, who is an avowed unilateralist? Michael Foot's election has made the ploy more difficult. He is far too popular to be smeared and pushed out, and too loyal to colleagues to see them go without him. So the expulsion business, even when put on the grounds of personal abuse, was laughed out of court last week. Zilliacus was found to arraign Gaitskell instead of Gaitskell expelling Zilly.

★ ★ ★

Because he is not Prime Minister, Hugh Gaitskell at least is spared the job of answering such questions as: Does Mr Woodrow Wyatt's latest speech represent government policy? Wyatt, that perennial adolescent, probably represents no one but himself, however much at one time he may have provided silver-plated entertainment for the Gaitskell group; and his flair for saying precisely the wrong thing at exactly the wrong time therefore no longer embarrasses anyone. His latest suggestion, that because there is no possibility of real agreement, not only on defence but also on social and economic policy, the Labour Party should split in two, comes at the very moment when even strong

opponents of the Labour Party are beginning to see the possibilities of unity. This week, both the *Daily Sketch*, editorially, and the *Daily Mail*, through its political commentator, Mr Douglas Brown, suggest that this unity would come if Gaitskell resigned the leadership – and took Wyatt with him; and Dick Crossman, as chairman of the party, has asserted that unity could quickly be achieved if both sides in the controversy will accept a little give and take and if the 'fight, fight and fight again' attitude is dropped.

★ ★ ★

The only paper that drew the proper moral from the withdrawal of the electric trains from the Glasgow regional services was the *Daily Worker*. It told the story correctly. Its heading was: 'Train Scandal: Union Call' It went on to say that a thorough investigation into the withdrawal of these trains was demanded by Mr Charles Evans, the very right-wing president of the NUR, who said that 'in view of the gathering attacks on nationalisation under the BTC, it should be made quite clear that the Commission was not to be blamed on this occasion.' The fault rested with the private manufacturers. 'Private enterprise,' he said, 'has let down not only the railways but the public as well.' It listed the principal firms which were involved in the electrification scheme but refrained (I presume until after the inquiry) from drawing the moral that the electrical industries should be nationalised – which would at least have been as fair as the implication in other papers that the railways would be better under private enterprise. *The Times* very fairly pointed out that 'the failure of new electric equipment is the responsibility primarily of the manufacturers of electrical equipment, not the railways; and the inescapable probing question must be addressed first to them.' Unhappily, the paper that most directly aided the Tories was the *Daily Herald*, whose headline read '£16 million Railway Failure'. I do not doubt that Mr John Beavan believes that he is editing a Socialist paper; and he has greatly improved the *Daily Herald*. But the habit of thinking in Socialist terms has not yet been formed in the Odhams set-up.

★ ★ ★

When I was in Australia a year ago I noticed that there was a growing interest in the problem of aboriginals – not as picturesque figures in the outback, but as a depressed group eking out a kind of parody of the white man's life at the fringes of civilisation. The 'dumps' in which they live round the smaller towns are one side of the story. A happier and, I believe, increasingly important part of it is the attempt to give them both self-respect and economic security through developing co-operatives. Some of this work is being done by that remarkable Anglican priest, Alf Clint, along the coasts of New South Wales and Queensland, where the co-operatives are taking on so quickly that the difficulty is to train people to run them. Now I hear that, with the help of Paul Rotha, who has done so much to start new and exciting projects for the cinema, a feature film is to be made. I recall that Jacquetta Hawkes suggested something of the kind in this journal some months ago. It will be based on the amazing story of the Pindan co-operative, in the north of Western Australia, whose struggles were recounted in Donald Stewart's recent novel *Yandy*. To make this film, enthusiastic Australians have formed a company called Marngoo Films, which is planning to raise its shoe-string budget of £20,000 by selling shares to those who realise what a worth-while plan Rotha has put up. Details can be obtained from the company secretary at Northbourne Chambers, Canberra, ACT.

★ ★ ★

Every day I walk to this office through Covent Garden. It is a charming though much obstructed walk. The oranges and carrots, the apples, the azaleas, the cyclamens, the holly and the ivy, the Christmas trees, they would tempt one to linger at this time of year even if one was not often brought to a halt by lorries and carts which flow out over the pavements, just as the carriers with baskets piled high on their heads overflow into the roadway. It is all great fun if the object is to present England as our tourist wallahs seem to want to do, as a dear, quaint old fashioned place, where Americans in the Savoy and the Strand Palace can get a holiday from efficiency by merely walking across the road. But is that really what we want? Thousands of man-hours are obviously wasted every day in Covent Garden. Mr Marples makes violent efforts to stop us parking, and he will not be sorry, I expect, if other motorists like myself discover that it is a waste of spirit and an expense of shame to bring a car to London at all. No doubt other protests would arise if Covent Garden were removed from the centre of London, but the advantages would be enormous. There would be space for thousands of cars to park and broad streets, north, south, east and west could carry traffic quickly through the crowded area of theatreland. Every day I ask how this slow motion act must appear to people from a modern city, say Hamburg, Moscow, or even Accra. As somebody pointed out the other day, cabbages, potatoes and onions are not sold on the steps of the Bolshoi Theatre.

★ ★ ★

For light Christmas reading I strongly recommend the full *Hansard* transcript of the Lords debate on *Lady Chatterley*. Here, for instance, is the Earl of Craven: 'The Christian virtues of our ancestors are being violated in order to fill the ever-bulging pockets of unscrupulous publishers with gold filched from the virtues of our children . . . Purity is sacrificed on the altars of promiscuity as woolly-minded intellectuals pour their vociferous sewage into the ears of the public.' Lord Amwell suggested that libraries should be forbidden to lend the book to anyone incapable of providing 'his *bona fides* that he was not pornographically-minded.' Another lord ventured the information that 'most of the pornographic books' were written 'by the best authors in Britain and France'. A good deal of miscellaneous ignorance was displayed. Lord Amwell accused Somerset Maugham of being a witness at the trial, and deplored the fact that Lawrence was obsessed by sex, adding: 'But that is no reason, as Whistler said about certain painters, for flinging a pot of paint in the faces of the multitude.' Lord Teviot was disturbed about a number of things. The jury, he said, had broken the law by passing the book; and now he feared that its publication would remove adultery as a ground for divorce. But what seemed to annoy him the most was that Lawrence had made everything up. 'The story he tells,' he thundered, 'is pure invention – it never actually happened.' As Lord Boothby commented: 'That is the thing about fiction – it does not happen.' The taxpayer may well reflect that, at £3 per day per noble lord, this is pretty expensive comedy.

'Nepotism!'

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 10/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

The surveyor of the rural council, Mr T. Yeadon, said yesterday that 'Public Urinal' was an approved sign shown in Diagram 423 of the Traffic Signs Regulations and General Directions laid before Parliament in 1957. Nevertheless the council was trying to scrape off the offending word. If space permits the relettering will read 'Gentlemen' rather than 'Gents'. – *Guardian*. (Heather Fielding.)

A bishop's idea for reducing road deaths on a dangerous stretch of the Great North Road brought protests yesterday. The Bishop of Grantham, the Right Rev A. Otter, suggested 'a few skeletons dangling over the road' along a stretch, south of Grantham, where in the past twelve months thirteen people have been killed. A Methodist minister, the Rev A. J. Bowers, said yesterday that the bishop's suggestion was 'sadistically crude' and a resident called it 'barbaric'. – *Guardian*. (P. Allen.)

Mrs Mudge shook an admonitory finger at me. 'Don't let your daughter marry an Indian prince. I have had nothing but trouble since my daughter did.'

'I married a wire-walker myself. At least I always knew where he was.' – *Daily Herald*. (E. M. Dixon.)

Do You Speak Nuclear?

ROBERT BOLT

Nothing is so dangerous as the Bomb. No danger is so inescapable, if the Bomb goes off. Nothing seems more likely than that the Bomb is going to go off. In a word, nothing is so important as the Bomb. Yet nothing is so boring as the Bomb. Printed matter on the subject has the property of turning paper grey, and as a topic of conversation it is to the mind what the Atlantic is to a castaway, nauseous, of hideous extent, hideously boring.

And it's not that any of us imagines that the matter has anywhere by anyone been even partially dealt with; it is known to be a live issue and open question. It must be panic that makes it so boring, makes us behave as though it were a dead issue and the question closed. In Conrad's *Typhoon*, the young ship's officer, at the climax of danger, is pleased to find that his behaviour has become calm and coherent; Captain McWhirr comes on the bridge; with one experienced glance he understands that the boy is in the last extremities of fear, and saves him from breakdown by giving him something to do. Our situation seems similar to his, except that we have no Captain McWhirr and nothing to be doing.

His situation was preferable, too, to ours in that the danger which threatened was none of his making but an Act of God, and his own intention quite simple: to survive it. It is not so with us, though we seem always to speak as though it were, as though the Bomb were a natural phenomenon which threatens from without, and against which we must prepare ourselves, as against a high tide on a low coast, with a calculated system of checks and dispersals. We speak of 'avoiding' it, exactly as though the Bomb had some volition of its own. In fact, the Bomb is lying in a shed somewhere and unlike hurricane and flood will continue quiescent forever unless we take it out and use it. And if we take it out and use it, it can only be because on balance we want to.

By 'we' I mean humanity. There are Englishmen so English that 'we' to them means only England. And to them no doubt the danger does threaten from without, from idiot America and fanatic Russia. No doubt, too, there are equally Russian Russians and American Americans. But to mean so little in this context at this juncture by the pronoun 'we' seems to me a wild anachronism and I have no patience with it. Maybe the lemmings occupy their minds with their alliances and formations as they run towards the sea, but the important thing about them at that moment is that they are creatures which would on balance rather die than live. Besides, there are properly appointed spokesmen to speak for England, of whom I am not one; a private individual can only speak for humanity. And I say that if we are about to exterminate ourselves it can only be because on balance we choose to.

Perhaps we are indeed in that condition, and if that is so there's no point in discussing what to do about it. But since we do discuss it, it's a pity the terms of discussion can't be more real. There are three distinct schools, two extreme and one medial: First, the deterrent (which is nuclear for the balance of power); second, multilateralism (which is nuclear for orthodox diplomacy); third, unilateralism (which is nuclear for pacifism).

Each school raises a delicate tower of logic floor by floor, all floors well furnished with contingencies and provisos, and invites us to live securely at the top of it. But the relations of nation states have never been governed much by logic; in my lifetime they have been governed by impulses which in individuals would be counted insane; they seem no more likely to be logical now that the mutual attitude is one of righteous hatred mixed with panic fear. Thus:

Logically, the mutual threat of annihilation ought to deter indefinitely, so that in the end a fruitful boredom might ensue. In fact, as we see, the emotional strain is too intense for that and the mood ensuing is one of boredom certainly, but mingled with hysteria, as dangerous a compound as could be devised. In fact, while every new contrivance (like Polaris) increases our 'readiness', there is no counterbalancing increase in our reluctance, for whereas scientific progress seems to proceed quite helplessly, we have no such built-in disposition for increasing our awareness. On the contrary, with too long stretching we grow slack. So day by day the infernal machine grows more sensitive and the emotion controlling it more clumsy. This is the factual outcome of the deterrent logic.

Logically, when both sides know the danger of a war and also the perfect sterility of a war, they ought to be able to disarm multilaterally, that is by common consent. In fact, as we see, whenever plenipotentiaries meet, their fear and suspicion obliterate their hope and trust quite automatically. As they approach, each holding out his hand, each wants to know what the other is holding behind his back; if nothing, then what he has in his pockets; if nothing, then what he has hidden in his socks, or left at home, under the floorboards, behind the cistern, and so on with rising indignation and mistrust. And each new failure augments the old hostility till practical statesmen are heard to urge that we should not even attempt to agree because it is too dangerous. Meantime, in the normal course of science, the Bomb becomes available to even such countries as those where power falls periodically to paranoiac generals, apt to choose death before dishonour, and regarding agreement as dishonourable.

Logically, if a country disarms unilaterally it increases its chances of survival because, no longer constituting a threat to other countries, it no longer affords them any good reason for dropping bombs on it. In fact, as we see, we do not need good reasons for such action. We ourselves dropped two bombs on Japan, when Japan was already defeated and supplicant, mindlessly. A logic which presupposes sensible intention in the actions of belligerent nations has only logic to recommend it. And indeed most unilateralists, when pressed, agree that there's no safety for one country unless for all, and offer a logic as follows: If one country abandons the Bomb, others may follow suit. When all have followed suit we shall have got rid of the Bomb and the present apocalyptic situation will cease to be. But in fact we can never get rid of the Bomb; for even if every nation did get rid of every bomb it had, we couldn't get rid of the knowledge of how to make some more when the occasion should arise, that is whenever there should be a war. It is pointless to argue whether or not we should have it; the only hope is that we may not use it. Since nothing can relieve humanity of its destructive potency, unilateralism has become merely a millennial gesture of faith in human nature.

That is why I am a unilateralist. For the question of human nature is the question we are faced by. Before we had the Bomb we weren't able to exterminate ourselves, often as we tried and expert as we became; we survived in that margin of safety afforded by our own incompetence. But now that margin has quite gone; we can do whatever we want, and for the first time ever what we want is all that concerns us. We have sometimes seemed terrible to ourselves in the past but now we can see that it was a kind of Golden Age; it was a kind of secondary Innocence and this a kind of second Fall. The pattern of behaviour which we followed through that period, propelled on the whole by animal laziness, greed, and aggression, is no longer safe; we have no recourse now but to thought, self-denial and justice – if we would rather live than die, that is; maybe we wouldn't, not at that price. I only say that for myself I'd like to have a shot at it. The unilateralist wants to make a gesture of faith in human nature; God knows that's dangerous; but the others want to make no such gesture which, I have argued, on past and present showing seems certain to be fatal.

It is an added difficulty that we've got thoroughly used to the idea that in international politics thought, self-denial and justice are strictly ornamental concepts, for use on ceremonial occasions only. Anyone proposing them as practical policies is bound to seem hopelessly millenial. But alas the millenium has overtaken us, though inside out. We have to live like Christians now, or not at all. The brotherhood of man is no longer a notion, it's here. We may be brothers in life or brothers in death as we choose, but brothers we shall be.

That the unilateralist gesture is horribly dangerous (the only argument I have heard against it) seems to me in its favour; it argues a sense of reality. The world has become exactly as dangerous as ourselves, and always will be now. That unilateralism has, too, a certain lack of dignity, a smack of enthusiasm, a yearning for reversal, a lack of measure, and other unstatesmanlike attributes seems to me in its favour; for the reality we are faced by lacks measure also.

By the same token the dignity and correct style of the others argues against them. A balance of power, punctuated by conference, is the traditional method, but the situation is not traditional, it is perfectly new. The margin of safety has gone, and the old motions are not appropriate. Here is one way to put it: for some time now we've had a major war, say every twenty years; without the efforts of diplomacy it might have been more often, say every ten. A ten-year postponement is a noble prize in all conscience, but no longer enough nor nothing like enough. We have to do without wars altogether now; and if that's chimerical (as who shall say with any confidence it's not) then our survival is chimerical. To put it another way: is not our picture of the diplomat – the best, the ideal diplomat – that of a man urbane, goodhearted, generous minded, and cynical? A realist? One who accepts laziness, greed and aggression as the inevitable springs of human behaviour, hoping only for a temporary mitigation? It's a very attractive style of man, and a highly tenable view of mankind. But the man who holds it today must face a conclusion confronted by which urbanity is hardly possible. He cannot today manage

to be both an urbane man *and* a realist.

Nor do I think he is. (And I do not mean here merely the urbane politician, but all those dignified, responsible, men of moderate views who back him.) That urbanity is founded now, not on the acceptance of reality but its rejection. That realism is wildly romantic, as congruent to our day as the costume worn by Talleyrand, the merest fancy dress. It is based, as Mr Macmillan terrifyingly let slip in the Polaris debate, on nothing more than the conviction that something will turn up, that the probabilities are too outrageous, too immoderate, too tasteless to be indeed probabilities

Of course we all share in it. In the small hours and alone, darkness may visit on us a moment of acuity, but in the normal morning buses run, buildings stand, the hordes of people go in and out, it cannot be ephemeral. And as normal day succeeds to normal day we allow ourselves the illusion that normality accumulates and is brought forward. We are leaving the war behind, we feel, allowing ourselves to forget that in the past this has always meant: we are moving towards the war. Comforting illusion, necessary comfort, but we ought not to call it realistic.

To contain our own violence, to love life, to know that our own particular truths are limited, these are not traditionally political problems, and will not yield to traditional political methods. Yet no politician today who is not busy about them can claim to be a practical man.

The Other End of the Line

NORMAN MACKENZIE

For 364 days in the year my parents never gave a thought to the Empire. But on Christmas Day they would listen reverently to the hour of static-ridden platitudes which the BBC used to bring in from the corners of the earth – a savoury between the plum-pudding and the King's broadcast. Each year in my childhood we were visited by aunts, uncles, cousins and those brothers-beneath-the-skin, planting tea in Assam, singing carols in Nairobi, rounding up the sheep in New Zealand, all of them tucking away turkey and mince-pies in a heat-wave because the Empire would fall apart if they didn't have the Christmas Spirit.

Last year, for once, I found myself at the other end of the line, looking through Sydney shop-windows at beach-wear lightly dusted with glitter, while recorded carols pealed out into Pitt Street. The effort to catch the Spirit was too much for me, and I fled down the coast to a friend's fishing shack.

I am no fisherman. It is a diversion that undoubtedly has much to commend it, but my knowledge of it was previously limited to an occasional glance at those sombre men who sit, wet Sunday after Sunday, reading the *News of the World* by the Hampstead Ponds. But I was willing to try.

As the car swayed and bumped down the Happy Valley, past the dirt-heaps at Araluen left by the gold-rush a century ago, the first sign of the more populated coastlands was a man after trout, a skirmisher, so to speak, from what the New South Wales *Fishing Guide* calls 'this great and growing section of the holidaying and sport-loving public'. By the time I reached the coast, and turned out on to the peninsula, I saw that an army of

Give Thought

WHAT of 1961? Will Africans and Europeans find a way of living together? Will the Russian and American Mr K's be on speaking terms? Will affluence recede? Will the Chinese have the Bomb? And what can we do about it all anyway?

At least we can help our friends to follow events and their interpretation by giving them a subscription to the NEW STATESMAN – a thoughtful gift which many will appreciate. There is still time.

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anglers was in occupation, and that the local storekeepers – residents of a constituency with the delightful but unparliamentary name of Eden – were bent on catering for these sport-lovers, hook, line and sucker.

'Green Weed', said the placards. 'Bait', countered shop windows in whitewash so thick that it obscured the displays of rods and reels within. 'Boats', came the clincher at the water's edge, just inside the entrance where the Pacific rollers come over the sand-bars stretching between the Heads.

'Call me Jack', said the man at the store as he tallied the groceries. 'The bread comes again on Friday, but we always have bait'.

'I don't know how to fish', I said, feeling like a visitor to Cheddar who cares neither for caves nor cheese.

'You couldn't find a better place to learn', said Jack, opening the deep-freeze. 'Now, we sell green prawns, frozen'.

'But I have no tackle', I said, as he put a chunk of frozen bait on the counter.

'You'll find some in the back porch', Jack said firmly. 'They always leave it there. All you need is a nylon line, some new hooks and prawns. You'll be right for the evening tide'.

The sun was already dropping beyond the ridge of the tablelands. Carrying my rod, 55 yards of nylon line, a box of best imported Norwegian hooks, and a bait tin containing a quarter of my pound of green prawns, thawed in sea water, I climbed clumsily down to the beach. I had some trouble negotiating the Norfolk Island pines, strange trees with branches at regular intervals, the needles all pointing upwards, cut off as evenly as a line drawn by a topiarist who worked solely in isosceles triangles. The hook kept catching.

I was, perhaps, a bit brash about the whole thing. But Jack had talked me into it: the new chum had to have a go, even though my first attempt to land a Christmas breakfast became an exercise in frustration. It was soon dark. And by the time I had coped with slippery rocks, snagged hooks, tangled lines and a bait tin drifting away on the backwash I had lost all my investment – except the rest of the prawns, still on ice back at the shack.

It was then I found the *Fishing Guide*, tucked under the copy of *Lolita* wrapped in brown paper, both providing an inadequate prop for a chair with one short leg. And in it I discovered my error. My venture had been under-capitalised. According to this official guide, published by the tourist bureau of New South Wales, I lacked the proper kit – as well as the right spirit. *Item:* I had no onion in which I could have inserted my finger if stung by a flathead, catfish or fortesque. *Item:* I had no magnifying glass 'with which to examine the interior of the fish, especially the stomach, in order to ascertain what foods it contains'. *Item:* I had no sharp knife with which to despatch a wriggling eel, no disgorger to remove the hook from a leatherjacket, no oyster opener, to be used when 'time hangs heavily on the patient amateur's hands', no finger-stalls, no copper bait-box. I had, moreover, gone without the Balaclava woollen helmet deemed essential for breaming on a nippy night – and it can be sharp, even at Christmas, on the coast. Contrary to the best practice, my trousers had a fly, my coat had pockets, my head was without a southwester, and I had not a single cork about me. I had gone without any fish skin or the tongue of a pippie 'secured to the left wrist with a short cord', thereby denying myself any chance of catching worms, even if I had known that to do so, you must 'stand sideways to the worm, curl the forefinger under the arched head, and be careful not actually to touch the worm'. Above all, I had violated the cardinal rule: 'It is advisable to carry a lifeline when rock-fishing; never fish alone but always have a mate handy'.

The mate, no doubt, carries all the kit, looking like a cross between a beachcomber and a caddie, and this permits the fish to recognise – for they are there, close enough – a bona-fide sports-lover when they see one on the rocks.

On Christmas morning I turned on the radio. Static-ridden, from London, came the sound of carols in Trafalgar Square, where they were busy whipping up the Spirit.

'We could', said my wife, taking the green prawns out of the icebox, 'boil these and have chow mein for our dinner'.

This England

There is still time to get copies of the new 'This England' collection, with 50 Vicky drawings. 'A matchless showcase of British foibles.' From newsagents and booksellers; or write sending 2s. 6d. per copy to the Publisher, 10 Great Turnstile, London W.C.1.

ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

A Miracle of Pity

H. A. L. CRAIG

The first night of *The Duchess of Malfi* at the Aldwych ought to have been the first night of the National Theatre. Mr Peter Hall has nailed a ghost that has beckoned and mocked every theatre celebrant since Garrick: the idea of pure theatre, playing its ancient and modern, John Webster and John Whiting, its Shakespeare and its continent, removed from the smash-hit and grab of the box-offices, with its style, its identity. Style is an irritating, immense word, without a leg to stand on, until it is seen – the Moscow Art, the early Abbey, the Berliner Ensemble. When seen, style is as clearly recognised as Mr Macmillan's face. Indeed, Mr Macmillan is the man to watch, for within his nod this month is the provision for the National Theatre. This is so important to the arts in Britain that it can only be compared to the foundation of the National Gallery.

Peter Hall, on 15 December, demonstrated the National Theatre. He has made it practical. For a young man, still two years short of 30, this is running in a blaze; it is breakthrough. The fact is that he had no large prestige to go on – Sir Laurence Olivier or Sir John Gielgud might have done almost with ease what he has done. Mr Hall's strength has been his ability to organise his dedications. While others petitioned, he planned. He is an artist-administrator of exceptional edge. He raised subsidies in pounds of flesh; Peter O'Toole has 'given' his Shylock at, I imagine, 20 times less than the entertainment merchants would pay. Ashcroft, Wymark, Adrian, Porter, Tutin, are nightly laying themselves up treasure in heaven. But Mr Hall has offered them an immediate purpose on earth; so both parties are satisfied. Mr Macmillan and Mr Selwyn Lloyd should now sit themselves in the stalls at the Aldwych to see how noble can be the uses of cash.

Mr Hall has received some abuse for opening with *The Duchess of Malfi*. My hope is that he receives more; it will prove his point – without a National Theatre such plays might not be seen. *The Duchess* has been neglected for obvious reasons. Now and again it is horrible to look at, a killing spectacle played out by corpse-light; Shaw's inspired sneer, 'Tussaud laureate,' has stuck; it is difficult to make into a 'play.' It cuts too deeply, for those softened by Shaftesbury Avenue to take with comfort. But it is also one of the greatest works of English genius.

It is a mistake to consider *The Duchess* as a play dealing with the development of situation or character; the plot is an abstraction, a metaphysical melodrama; the characters, for all the desperation of their footwork, are immobile. Like plants they elongate upwards to light or downwards to manure; their conflict is a hideous, plant-like, strangulation. It is what they bear that is important: the fruits of human vileness and human grandeur. Webster draws from his gaudy fruit the supreme human affirmation: man is man; he defies the pit. The creation of horrors, severed hands, wax-works, the gambols of the lunatics, these are the man-made dark in which man illumines himself, his skull shows light. The greatest poetry in Webster arises at the moments of greatest pain and degradation at heart-stop. Man may go to the soap-factories at Auschwitz but he will not go like a drugged beast. Webster has something absolute to say. The abundant melodrama in the play is inspired stage, a black cloth against which the poetry flashes and fits. There is a purpose in the horror and to mute it is to bowdlerise.

Mr Donald McWhinnie's production was intense and powerful, a turbine for the play. None of the disconnections – the inadequate motivations for the theme of revenge, the inadequate matching of Antonio and the Duchess, which always troubled my reading of the play – were present in this production. Antonio (Derek Godfrey) did it so softly, with such sincerity and pause, that he was good match for the Duchess, whose joy in domesticity made her step up to tragedy her only possible progress. But the secret of Mr McWhinnie's unification of Webster's separate pieces was in his use of Bosola. Patrick Wymark played Bosola to Bosola's own description 'bluff soldier' and, by refusing both the operatic and the Iago possibilities of the part, saved the play's credit as a work for the stage. With his swift, bold, one-handed strokes, Mr Wymark slit open the belly of this dog-fish, revealing the brocaded guts within. One-handed playing did not, however, benefit Duke Ferdinand (Eric Porter).

After the early throttling of the Duchess, chaos succeeds, the weight falls on madness, the soul's penance; it falls above all on

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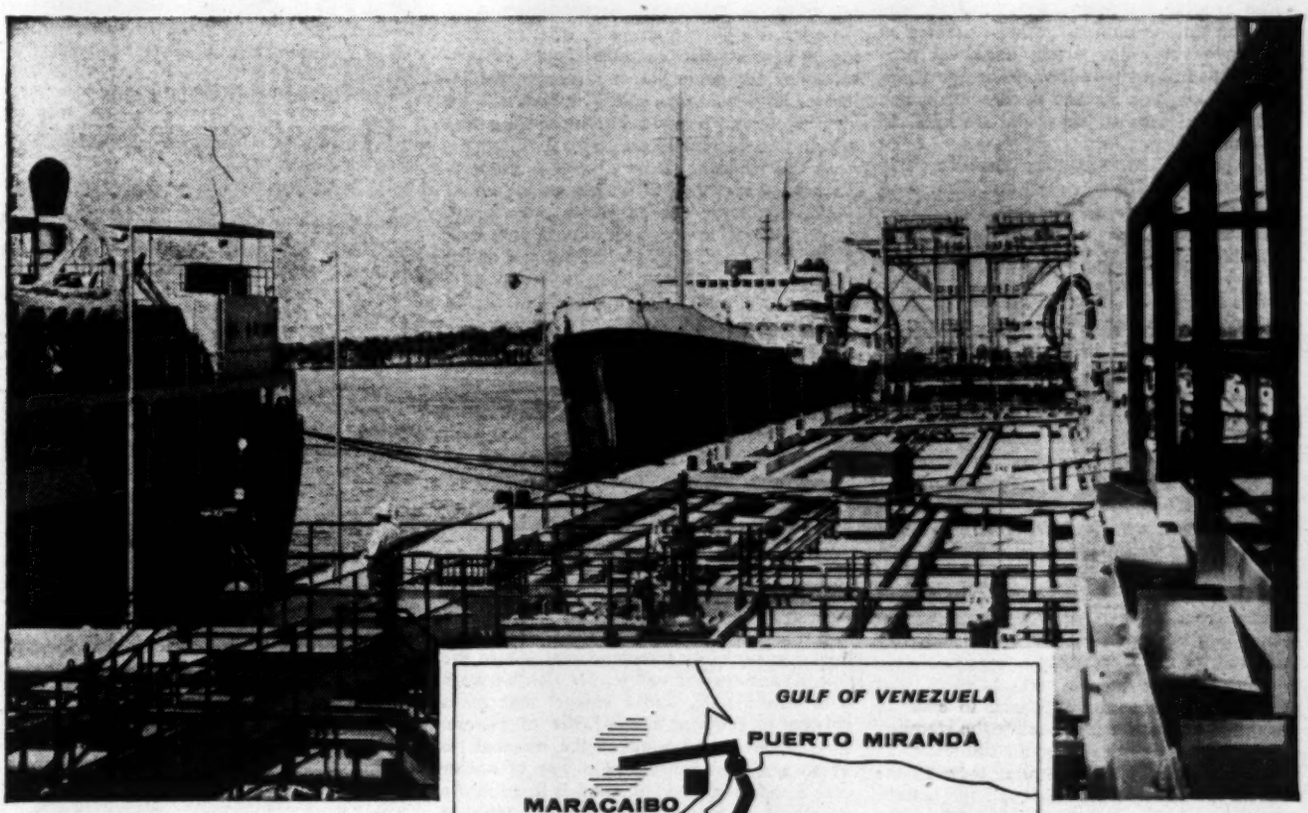

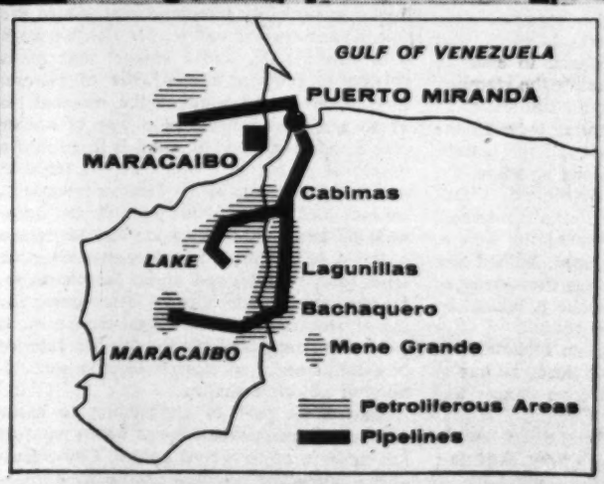

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Ferdinand, who must shore up its fragments. Mr Porter sings only, full voice, to bats in the rafters; he is mad, but commonly so, and lacks aristocracy. Bosola beats him hollow and the authority at the last descends, by default, to the Cardinal (Max Adrian). Mr Adrian is superb: every syllable and gesture of the Machiavell-spawned Protestant-distorted Prince of the Church come to his teeth and finger tip as freshly as if he were creating the part in 1613. He has beautiful assistance from Julia (Sian Phillips) whose amorous playing has its effect upon the house.

I have left Dame Peggy Ashcroft to the last, which is always pride of place to the actor. Her Duchess is the best performance by a woman I have yet seen (I was in a cradle for Edith Evans's Millimant and abroad for Siobhan McKenna's St Joan). Dame Peggy did indeed become 'one of the miracles of pity'; she constructed pity, giving the part the lightness of charm – without employing charm – and the howling, heavy note of heroes and heroines just before they are killed. She plays to her breasts and babies as well as to her coronet; and she times the tragic ascent so precisely that at her highest minute she is standing at her highest. Only with the noose around her neck and circled by her assassins did she fulfil the tragic strictures of the Ayrton drawings which, until this production, had been my only visualisation of the play. She was fire, air and duchess then; not until her last rites of poetry did she kick off the woman.

In production and performance this *Duchess of Malfi* is superb, without one cheap effect, but many effective leaps – Ferdinand's speaking to the empty bed, Humphrey Searle's setting of Bosola's verses. It is also beautifully mounted by Leslie Hurry, and lit by John Wyckham. Mr McWhinnie uses his scene-shifts as other producers use dancers; there's choreography in the carrying of a prop.

After four performances *The Duchess of Malfi*, with its rueful entanglement of twins, was replaced by the rare comedy twins of *Twelfth Night*. It is proper sequence: cover the claws with polite, courtly gloves, the skull with face powder. As a play of confusion – identity, sex, station – with its shifting images of self-deceit and the fine three-legged race of the plot, *Twelfth Night* is very much a producer's game. Peter Hall played it brilliantly from every possible angle, using the stage as a complex. We sat watching it like children with kaleidoscopes.

Since it was written in 1600, Malvolio and Viola have fought for possession of *Twelfth Night;* the play was even retitled 'Malvolio'. Yet they rarely encounter on the stage. In this production Mr Eric Porter took all the bays and Miss Dorothy took all the laurels. Theirs was a draw we applaud standing. On Thursday Mr Porter's Ferdinand disappointed, on Monday his Malvolio triumphed; when he played his self-love to the mirror, when he wet his lips, grimaced, bullied and puffed puritan, Mr Porter was the master of Malvolio. At the end, when he is 'killed' by the practical joke, he carries himself off stage with a nobility of scorn and an accumulation of pity only exceeded by Shylock, he has so stunned the play that not even dances and marriage jinks can revive it again. The play ends with the magnificent Mr Adrian bestowing on the audience his fool's bow, atwisting, grieving gaiety, to give the ambiguity of *Twelfth Night* a last satiric touch. Mr Macmillan, Mr Selwyn Lloyd, are ye yet in the stalls?

Interior Exterior

BRYAN ROBERTSON

Recently asked his opinion of Allen Ginsberg's literary performance, Truman Capote said: 'That's not writing, that's *typing*.' Well, there is a good deal of abstract painting around now which can only be considered marginally as art. It is serious, it has to do with the nature and processes of painting in general and it makes a commentary on some of the characteristic formal crises in painting during the last 70 years: all that, and yet it lacks a vital dimension and is without visual or spiritual incentives. Nothing propels it onwards except the context of other abstract painting. Picasso possibly started this red herring years ago when he gave us in such extravagant terms the example of the artist as a performer. More recently, we have the frequent spectacle of abstract paintings which seem to have been made by performer-critics, or commentators. At its most intelligent and radical level, this activity borders on creation and we are almost persuaded into accepting its products as works of art – but not quite. Robert Motherwell's painting, in America, is a good example of what I am trying to express. Bad examples could be provided, by the pantechnicon, from an exhibition of large paintings called 'Statements', on view recently in London. Provincialism comes into it, at the lower levels.

At the Hanover Gallery, until 6 January, we have the chance to see an exhibition of works of art, by Adrian Heath, who is not only an artist in the finest, most pure and resounding sense of that word but one of the most gifted at present working in this country. His show is tremendously impressive. It would be a pleasure to fill four columns with description and the highest praise. On the other hand, it is hard to say with real precision what Mr Heath's pictures are about, what they come from and what they depict. A philosophical or at least metaphysical atmosphere is engendered by their consistency of composition and by certain repetitive accents and stresses. Nevertheless there are landscape references. As a final complication, an agreeable note of sexuality enters into the scheme of things.

The nature of a work of art produces involuntarily its own means of realisation. If those means seem either laconic or cryptic, then the nature and the vision behind the work are probably transcendental, above life and beyond specific nature. Mr Heath's work is of this variety, and I suspect that he is striving to produce a new kind of picture, very much in the wind at the moment, in which a mental concept of a way of life or even a recurrent state of mind is fused into a simplified graph, as it were, of the physical world. If this is true of Mr Heath's intentions, we may look at one of his pictures and know what he has been looking at: the landscape of Spain, or Cornwall, for example, and at the same time be informed about his character, his idealism or materialism – determining the use of centripetal or centrifugal compositions – and other aspects of Mr Heath's life. Interior or exterior space envelops subjective speculations or objective shapes.

This is all part of an attempt to make painting eloquent about things which painting has never tried to record before. Coincidentally, a landscape becomes drastically humanised, in the way that a reclining figure of Moore's is also a landscape in itself. The process makes use of the new assumption of extreme informality in composition and spatial structure. This in turn produces a new formality, like method acting, and here we had better stop.

What you will see are about seven fairly large paintings and some 25 smaller works. Each painting is consistently weighted and loaded: there are no minor sketches or supporting studies. The colour is strong and deep and intellectually planned rather than naturally descriptive. No painting is static. Each composition has an almost violent pushing-inward movement from two sides, which then locks together formally and creates an equilibrium, a balance, or then splays round to the edges of the canvas. Cézanne comes strongly to mind in the sparse and summary way in which the actual structure of space is indicated. The brushwork is dry, compressed and exceedingly precise, despite the agitation inside the canvas. The sensation of an interior often displaces any possible landscape connection. Which is where we came in.

The Whitney collection has just opened at the Tate: a well-rounded survey of a civilised and generous American's taste. The Van Goghs and the Lautrec are masterpieces; among much else of diverse interest both canvases by Eakins retain their impact. The Rousseau jungle scene floats above everything else like a message from another planet.

House and Land

REYNER BANHAM

There seem to be only two ways of making generalised statements about dwelling-design nowadays. One is the Thirties-Survival approach, grounded in statistics and politics, which is apt to look a bit old and square after 30 years, but happens to provide the only secure descriptive framework for any study of mass-housing in Britain, since mass-housing, as we have it today, is a product of exactly the kind of legislation, social techniques and humanitarian concepts on which the Thirties approach depends.

The other is, in words used by Sir John Summerson in another context, the Futurist-Revival, which sees the individual dwelling as a space of interaction between various mechanised domestic services – '. . . houses that really attempt to solve the problem of the mid-twentieth-century dwelling, with all that that implies in the way of services and equipment, of all the essential luxuries,' as Monica Pidgeon and Theo Crosby say in the introduction to their Batsford *Anthology of Houses**. These two approaches are not diametrically opposed: both agree that the solution must be modern architecture and not some revival style, both accept the pervasive influence of modern technology in construction and equipment. If one must relate them in a diagram, the most useful is the warp and weft of a mesh, with numerous points of intersection, such as the SPAN housing by Eric Lyons at Blackheath and elsewhere, which is moderately luxurious, and moderately community-oriented.

SPAN houses get an honourable mention from Pidgeon and Crosby, and also from Hansmartin Bruckmann and David Lewis in their *New Housing in Britain*†, a very fair and intelligent representation of the Thirties-Survival from an international viewpoint. But if a mesh has intersections, it also has holes,

* *Batsford.* 50*s.*

† *Tiranti.* 50*s.*

through which some things drop – quite big things in the case of these two books, neither of which mentions what are probably the most widely and universally praised housing developments in Britain since the War: Tayler's and Green's work for Loddon RDC in Norfolk.

Is this significant or just a mistake? Probably not a mistake, given the viewpoints of the two books, and especially their insistence a 'modern' solution. But in a wider context many serious critics would say that it *was* a mistake, because of the way the houses have been fitted into the landscape; and until a few months ago I would have agreed. But now I don't know.

I had, until recently, a first-hand acquaintance with only the very earliest schemes, but the later ones photographed most handsomely, and I was prepared to accept the photographs on trust, knowing the architects to be men of intelligence and resource, backed by an intelligent local authority. As a piece of social amelioration, the Loddon developments are outstanding, if only for the fact that they depart from the bad old tradition of putting council houses on the cheapest land in the parish, making them a kind of Siberia for the labouring classes, insulated by distance from the village community. The Loddon schemes were always considered as organic extensions of the existing village plan, integrating the new community physically and socially with the old.

Then one day in September, a car trip quite unexpectedly took me past several of the most admired Tayler and Green schemes and I found myself thinking 'My God, that can't be them.' But it was, and I had to work hard to formulate just what it was that made me react against them. Fundamentally, it is a sort of visual inappropriateness, not unlike that of the fashiony colour-schemes that the Civic Trust always winds up with in its urban face-lift schemes, such as that for Magdalen Street, Norwich. With the Civic Trust it is the application of sophisticated colours (that might look well in a sophisticated setting) to vernacular building forms; with Tayler and Green it is the sophisticated manner of applying the vernacular building forms themselves, quite as much as any colour-work they do on them.

The forms, such as barge-boarded gables, and the colours, such as tar-wash black, are all guaranteed local, indigenous and vernacular; the manner of using them is as romantically sophisticated as – to take a metropolitan example from the same design office – the Imhof shop in New Oxford Street. The visual inappropriateness of the result is underlined by the fact that these houses, however tightly grouped and close to the village, are usually seen against a background of more-or-less natural scenery, and that – as I have said here before – is a situation which mercilessly exposes any kind of artiness in architecture.

Though I slightly suspect the reasons for which these houses were excluded – particularly by Bruckmann and Lewis, who include the equally admirable and equally disputable work by Richard Llewellyn Davies and John Weeks at Rushbrooke in Suffolk – I still find myself somewhat in sympathy with their exclusion. What I would not like to happen, however, is for any purely aesthetic reaction against the detailed handling of these Loddon schemes to distract attention from their real virtues as a necessary improvement in rural planning, outside the house, and domestic layout, inside. On those grounds they will always deserve a place in the history of British housing.

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'THE TWO BOUQUETS'
by Eleanor and Herbert Farjeon

On Tuesday, Associated-Rediffusion presents 'The Two Bouquets', a play with music, by Eleanor and Herbert Farjeon. First produced at the 'Ambassadors' in 1936, it was revived at the 'St. Martin's' in May, 1953. A delightful period piece set in Victorian Twickenham, the play was specially chosen for the holiday season because of its qualities of gaiety and lighthearted charm most associated with Herbert Farjeon, and so well remembered from his famous 'Little Theatre Revues' of the 'thirties. Leading roles are played by Pip Hinton, Patricia Lambert, Milo O'Shea, Rose Hill, Denis Martin, both of whom were in the 1953 revival, Peter Gilmore, June Marlow, Stanley Meadows and Tony Bateman. 'The Two Bouquets' is directed by Joan Kemp-Welch.

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Gramophone Records

DAVID DREW

Since this is the season of record tokens and even of belated gifts, it might be useful to suggest some valuable recordings, without restriction merely to the very recent issues. Starting with the least expensive, we have the field of the Extended Play record, which for the most part tends rather unsatisfactorily to be devoted to extracts from larger recordings. There are exceptions, and I have no hesitation in describing Decca's recording of Britten's *Missa Brevis* for boys' voices as one of the most precious. The recording is not available in any other form, and indeed it is hard to imagine how the Mass could satisfactorily be coupled with other works. The Mass has a wonderfully simple strength that is all its own – as different from the world of the Ceremony of Carols as it is from *Noye's Fludde*. The recording has both the advantages and the disadvantages of being taken from an actual performance in Westminster Cathedral: a most touching tribute to the work there of George Malcolm. Another valuable EP disc is the Philips recording (ABE 10156) of a powerful if somewhat over-Romantic performance by I Musici of Mozart's superb C minor Adagio and Fugue.

The 10-inch Long Playing record still seems to be popular in this country (although America and Germany seem to have dropped it entirely). It is well suited to works of the size of the Beethoven Piano Concertos, despite the disadvantages of the turn-over. The Philips Fontana series includes each of the Beethoven Concertos on a single ten-inch disc (EFR 2034-2037, with the *Emperor* on EFR 2014), played by Serkin, with the Philadelphia Orchestra under Ormandy. Serkin is the very opposite of the popular ideal of the Concerto pianist, and his kind of mastery will not be to the taste of everyone. But the series is well worth hearing, and the records may of course be purchased separately. The 10-inch disc is also suited to the large-scale classical chamber work. But we suffer from a dire shortage of real chamber-musicians: the string quartet repertoire remains by far the worst served in the record catalogues. For this reason Supraphon's issues of one of the supreme Mozart quartets, the C major Quartet K 465 (LPM 318) played by a truly outstanding and still little-known ensemble, the Smetana Quartet, deserves the most heartfelt welcome.

Amongst pianists, the discovery of the year has been the 17-year-old winner of the Warsaw Chopin competition, Maurizio Pollini. To judge by his recording of the Chopin E minor Concerto (HMV ALP 1794) – more than by part of a solo recital which I heard – there are solid musical grounds for hoping that this 'discovery', unlike certain of his recent predecessors, will maintain and develop his talent. His incredibly mature and deep-seated interpretation of the Concerto suggests that the record sleeve's information concerning his preoccupation with the greatest and most substantial classics – as opposed merely to the fine works of the second rank which are the easiest roads to success – is no empty blast of publicity. After comparison with his solo recital, it seems probable that he has responded to the mature hand of Paul Kletzki, his conductor in the Concerto. But the very fact that he *has* responded, and with such consummate and spontaneous sense of style (listen to his characterisation of the Rondo theme, which can so easily sound affected) is a splendid omen.

A discovery of a different kind has been the Russian pianist Sviatoslav Richter, a pianist of mature years who until recently has not been heard in the West. A Philips recording of one of his public recitals (ABL 3301) contains three pieces by Schubert, four by Liszt and one by Chopin. In each there is evidence of a prodigious technique. But it is indicative of the ends to which the technique are put that the Liszt pieces are by far the most successful. Everything except those superb fingers and that remarkably clear head seems inadequate for the challenge of Schubert's great A flat Impromptu: the contrasts which are the essence of the piece are lost through the very facility which should be used to bring them out. The performance has no tension – in fact it resembles all too many encores. But still, the Liszt should be heard, for we do not often hear its like.

The practice of recording from live performances seems to be spreading, and there is no reason why it should prove harmful, so long as the problems of balance have been solved. At least one can be sure that the performance owes little or nothing to the ubiquitous editorial scissors. Casals' recordings from the Beethoven House in Bonn do in fact suffer from faulty balance, but here his pianist Mieczyslaw Morszowski is partly to blame (even granted the rather special function of the piano in Beethoven's late Cello Sonatas). Nevertheless, Casals' recording of the Sonata op. 102 no. 2 is well worth hearing, if only for Casals' wondering, *religious* search through the penumbra of the slow movement.

Admirers of Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau will of course be drawn to his recent Hugo Wolf recordings, and they should not be disappointed. The *Eichendorff* set (HMV ALP 1778) has not been universally admired, perhaps because the songs themselves are conventionally supposed to be amongst Wolf's slighter efforts. But listening, for instance, to the song *Das Ständchen* (The Aged Minstrel) I find both Wolf's terribly pained chromaticisms and Fischer-Dieskau's negotiation of them to be weighty in the truest sense. The *Spanisches Liederbuch* (extracts, on HMV ALP 1750) are more obviously the 'great' Wolf, and the singer rises to the occasion. The way in which he builds the structure of the song *Der heilige Josef sagt* out of the phrase 'Und nah ist der Ort' ('and our goal is near') is quite masterly.

The least satisfying feature of the HMV Wolf recordings is the accompaniments; and it is on account of an inspired rapport between singer and pianist that the Decca recording of Schubert's *Die Schöne Müllerin* (LXT 5574) seems to me the finest Lieder recording of the year. The singer is Peter Pears, and the pianist Benjamin Britten. From the whole cycle only *Der Jäger* seems slightly below standard, partly because the choice of tempo doesn't seem to justify itself (and incidentally something odd has happened to the recording of the final piano chord). As for the rest, one inspiration follows another. Listen to the sublime shaping of the molto lento 'question to the stream' in *Der Neugierige*, or to a detail like Britten's response to the Brittenish touch in the cadence of *Pause*.

The other Pears record of recent months is equally precious – the Decca recording (LXT 5564) of Britten's *Nocturne*, conducted by the composer. Of all Britten's vocal works up to the time of its composition it is the one to which we must *grow*, to love. It does not reveal everything immediately; but the recording will help to further that final revelation. It would be unfair to expect similar rewards from Lennox Berkeley, but a 10-inch record containing his St Teresa Songs for voice and strings (HMV DLP 1209) deserves to be heard. I find Berkeley's harmony most convincing when he is away from the piano, and the third of the St Teresa Songs, 'Let mine eyes see thee' is very beautiful. The performance unfortunately does not do it justice, though the more folk-like fourth song fares better.

LORD RANK, D.L., LL.D., J.P.

A Christmas message from

LORD RANK

PLEASE REMEMBER there is still much that each of us could do for those who stand in need. Among those are the aged, who rightly still wish to feel independent, but who cannot, owing to their straitened circumstances, cover their simple needs. Some 400 are already resident in our Homes—most gladly contribute something—but we never shut our doors to those who cannot. More Homes are needed. We have three under construction. Will you help us? Your gift will send glad tidings of Christian comfort to the many on our waiting list. Please give quickly and from your heart.

The General Secretary, Rev. R. J. CONNELL, B.A., B.D., will be glad to send you the illustrated brochure "The Thread of Gold"

METHODIST HOMES FOR THE AGED

1 Central Buildings, Westminster, London S.W.1

Voyage En Enfer

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Where would a best-selling Christmas be without vice? After the Angels of Regent Street, as tatty a bunch as ever blew trumpets in a fog, it's a relief to turn eastwards in search of the Devil. At the Cameo-Royal cinema in Charing Cross Road will be found, according to *What's On*:

> *Red Lips.* Italian film about a 13-year-old girl who falls in love with a mature murderer. Giorgia Moll.
>
> *Bath Harem.* New Japanese period film about a bath house that becomes little more than a brothel. A murder blows the lid off.

I hate spoiling sport, but I must point out that *Red Lips* is a promising first film of Damiano Damiani, part-scripted by Zavattini and scored by Giovanni Fusco. Why was it given no press show? Presumably because critics couldn't be trusted *not* to give away such information, which makes for another approach. *Red Lips* has talent, it gets in before *Lolita*, and its faults don't include senti-

mentalising the nymphet theme. This girl of 13 hangs about a street corner with two companions; they have timed lovers' kisses (53 seconds: how do they breathe?), and now with pudding eyes and kerchief over her head she will stagger her mates by actually addressing the handsome young man about to issue out of doorway and dive into his car. He hasn't played a guitar with the windows open for nothing.

She tags on, and he's amused. Then in his house there's murder, of which he is suspected. She has seen him coming out from a certain room. But how far can she be trusted? Her equivocal personality, the police investigation, all the crude hubbub and ballyhoo are made vivid. Has he committed murder? How innocent is she, with a lipstick in her bag? The police can't decide; or rather they decide first this way, then that, and it all ends in switches unhelpful to the film that it set out to be. Doubt about the man's status could have been stressed without plunging into a whodunnit, and the realism grows slapdash: why must press photographers *always* be falling into a dogfight? Nevertheless, if the director, still in his early forties, can learn from these shortcomings, he may go far.

Vice's biggest sugar-plum ever is offered by *The World of Suzie Wong* (Plaza) in which for hours we are made at home in a Hong Kong brothel without sex once raising its head. In the end it is almost fascinating, which Miss Nancy Kwan, all bright welcome, certainly is.

Correspondence

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

SIR, – It would be interesting to know how Mr Green (NEW STATESMAN, 17 December) has gained such insight into the future habits of the would-be murderer awaiting his revenge on society. He paints a sinister picture of social outcasts hiding and plotting with great cunning, waiting until our laws are changed and the death penalty abolished – whereupon they will undoubtedly 'come out of hiding and strike their victims down in cold blood'.

Certainly Mr Green has not bothered to consult facts: his letter is wildly illogical and he has replaced reason with emotional bunkum. I have not yet been sufficiently convinced by arguments against the death penalty actively to support the National Campaign for the Abolition of Capital Punishment, but I have read enough in my very general reading to know that Mr Green's confident assertions have no factual basis.

I do not know the exact figures, but it is apparent from various factual reports that there has been no increase in crime or murder in other countries which have long since abolished the death penalty.

Since the Homicide Act in 1957, 16 people have been executed. Were these people deterred from murder by the sure knowledge that they would be reciprocally murdered by the society they were presumably revenging? Would it not have been more cold-blooded of them to have used a knife, say, instead of a gun and so possibly have escaped death? The boy in a gang who panics and kills a policeman, a sure way of getting oneself hanged, is a frightened misfit, not a cold-blooded murderer. He will whimper 'I didn't mean to kill him' and he will be telling the truth. It is tragic that a man, possibly a husband and father as well as a policeman, has lost his life at the hands of an immature and unbalanced youth. But with the right treatment it is possible for that youth to replace the loss. What does society gain by revenge?

LAURIAN IBBOTSON

Bramhope
Nr Leeds

Reproduced by courtesy of the NEW STATESMAN.

"Among the 280,000 refugees, there are thousands of destitute orphans, some mere babies, found wandering alone near the frontier. Many of these children have witnessed the shooting of their parents, brothers and sisters." — "In the coming winter still more will die if help is not forthcoming."

—New Statesman, Oct. 22.

Who cares?

Algerian refugees now suffer more acutely than ever. Please share a little of your comparative plenty. This, we know, is no answer to the Algerian problem; but to the child who may die if help does not come quickly, to those without shelter, work or food, it is the answer that matters now. Within days your gift can be giving someone the chance they may never have if you do not help.

What you have enabled us to do:

Send a £1,500 mobile clinic; help equip children's homes and trade training schools; send over £1,000 worth of medical supplies; provide large quantities of supplementary food and blankets; give £1,000 to found a 'Children's Village' near Casablanca; provide work and something to sleep on with £1,000 for grass palliasses, bring an injured child to England for treatment.

Help one of these projects now:

NEW STATESMAN readers have helped Algerian refugees magnificently. But because the need is still so great we ask you to help again. The most urgent needs are: a home for TB and under-nourished girls (Nurses and building available at Ifrane, Atlas); equipment for wood and metal-work training schools; a Pestalozzi-type Children's Village in Morocco (£5,000 needed); support for old people's homes – and for destitute students; money for supplementary food; and funds to bring more injured children here for treatment.

Please send your contribution now, to:

THE HON. TREASURER, THE U.K. COMMITTEE FOR ALGERIAN REFUGEES, 49 DENISON HOUSE, 296(A) VAUXHALL BRIDGE RD., LONDON SW1

Cheques can be made payable to the U.K. Committee for Algerian Refugees.

Supporting organisations:

CHRISTIAN ACTION. FRIENDS SERVICE COUNCIL. INTER-CHURCH AID AND REFUGEE SERVICE. INTERNATIONAL VOLUNTARY SERVICE. OXFORD COMMITTEE FOR FAMINE RELIEF. WAR ON WANT.

CYPRUS AND ISRAEL

SIR, – Perhaps it is the approach of the Christmas season that takes me back to a visit I paid earlier this year to both Cyprus and Israel. Certainly, in both cases, my thoughts are directed towards goodwill and peace.

Two strong impressions were made on me. Cyprus cannot be regarded as a fully independent republic whilst the foreign troops of three governments remain on its territory. One still had the sense of being in an occupied country as one met Greek and Turkish troops patrolling Nicosia, and one found that the arterial road from Nicosia to Famagusta on the coast passed for five miles through British sovereign territory with troops, camps, officers' houses and military equipment.

I found Cypriots seriously concerned that the British bases may be used for nuclear purposes without any consultation with their government. I appreciate that the presence of foreign troops and bases are bequeathed by the Zurich Agreement, which happily brought to an end four years of hostility, but it was pleasing to meet influential Cypriots who had other aims for their island than to serve as a military outpost in the eastern Mediterranean.

They would like to see Cyprus a neutralised home for United Nations international agencies for the Middle East. At present these agencies are no nearer than Rome. If the WHO, Unesco, the ILO and IFAO had their regional headquarters in Cyprus, the island could become a constructive centre for peace, and this international significance would tend to remove much of the fears in Turkey and other Middle East countries.

No Socialist can visit Israel without gaining inspiration from its wonderful democratic social and economic construction, but this satisfaction is marred by the consequence of Arab-Jewish conflict. For the sake of Israel itself, for the sake of what its example could mean in lifting the peoples of the neighbouring countries from poverty, and the sake of the peace of the Middle East, a way of co-operation between the Jewish and Arab peoples must be found.

It was good to meet in Israel many men and women who are devoted to this purpose. A monthly journal, the *New Outlook*, of considerable international influence, courageously fosters better relations between Jews and Arabs. I found not only in the minority Socialist party, Mapam, which consistently strives for peace, but in wider circles, a fervent desire to bridge the gulf between the two peoples.

I had the feeling that the most effective influence to bring about a settlement can come from Asia and Africa. Both the Arab countries and Israel would respond. I know the depth of gratitude which many African leaders feel to Israel for her help and example, but in the long run Israel will be judged by her political actions in relation to Africa. Unfortunately Israel's dependence upon French arms results in her siding with France against Africa in the United Nations. The Sahara bomb test and Algeria are examples of this.

I would plead with the Israeli government to reconsider its policy. The present General Assembly has proved how decisive the attitude of Asia and Africa now is in the United Nations. From personal knowledge I can say that they have leaders who wish to contribute towards an Arab-Jewish understanding. I hope Israeli policy will give them the opportunity to do so.

FENNER BROCKWAY

House of Commons

ENCOUNTER

The January issue, just out, includes

Philip Williams
ALGERIAN TRAGEDY

Meyer Schapiro
BERENSON'S VALUES

Iris Murdoch
AGAINST DRYNESS

Richard Lowenthal
CHANGED ANTAGONIST

Also: **Arnold Toynbee** on Lewis Namier, **John Wain** on Cyril Connolly, **G. R. G. Mure** on F. H. Bradley, **Henry Fairlie** on the Press, and contributions by **Christopher Hollis** and **David Marquand.**

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45s. (U.S. $7.50) a year, including postage

ENCOUNTER 25 HAYMARKET LONDON SW1

GREEK PRISONERS APPEAL

SIR, – Christmas 1960 is the fourteenth spent in jail or exile by many of Greece's 1,577 political prisoners and 209 political exiles who have never been charged or tried. (Figures as at 20 October 1960.) Can you imagine what this has meant to their families? Children growing up in slums and villages without ever having their fathers with them. Old people dying without being able to say a last farewell to their sons and daughters. Many of the prisoners have such ruined health that, even if they are released now, they will never again be able to work.

It is now possible to send small sums of money to the families (we have more than 600 addresses) so that they can get extra food, clothes and medicines that they so desperately need both for themselves and for their imprisoned relatives. Please give as generously as possible. Send to the League for Democracy in Greece, Relief Committee, 376 Gray's Inn, London, WC1. Cheques should be made payable to 'LDG Relief Committee'.

COMPTON MACKENZIE
FLORENCE WEDGWOOD
DONALD O. SOPER
HUGH BROCK
ETHEL MANNIN

376 Gray's Inn Road
WC1

FASCISM IN FRANCE

SIR, – If Mr K. S. Karol, in his article on the Goncourt farce, is referring to the ex-editor of *Je Suis Partout* (the French Nazis' most ferocious weekly during the German occupation), he means Robert Brasillach (not, as he writes, Brazillac). Even dead collaborationist writers are entitled to have their names correctly spelled, to avoid any possible confusion. Besides, Brasillach was not only a sincere and enthusiastic Nazi; he was also an author in his own right and one of the best historians of the French cinema.

The matter is not as trivial as it may appear to the British reader, for if Brasillach has been shot, his newspaper survived him: under its bright new name, *Rivarol*, and under its new colours, the flag of French Algeria, it is now one of the unashamed adornments of the Parisian press scene. This new super-patriotic weekly is today respectable, influential and widely read. Among its contributors is Lucien Rebatet, Brasillach's closest friend and associate at *Je Suis Partout*, just back from his short holiday in jail.

Why should such people feel uneasy? They were only the forerunners of the looming Fascist state, and their enemies are the same as yesterday's: 'inferior' races daring to resist, Jewish ex-prime ministers, left-wing opinion and, of course, intellectuals like Sartre, their *bête noire* since 1943, when the anti-Vichy play *Les Mouches* was performed in Paris!

The younger French generation and the British public should know what *Rivarol* represents. As a situation similar to that of Spain before 1936 is developing in France, it should also be made quite clear that men like Sartre deserve the active support of civilised opinion the world over. In the Thirties, Hitler and Mussolini recognised their Spanish friends quickly enough. Why always leave the privilege of initiative to Fascism? Hasn't the official Leader of the British Socialist Party, for instance, anything to say in support of Jean-Paul Sartre? Or does he also put his trust in the so-called 'Wind of Change'? The latter blows in various directions, including that of Franco.

MAURICE CAPEL

21 Huron Crescent
Cardiff

ALGERIAN PROTEST

SIR, – Critic (NEW STATESMAN 10 December 1960) referred to the apparent absence of any support for the signatories of the 'Manifesto of the 121' in this country. This urges me to write and inform your readers that the following protest has been made:

We, the undersigned, protest at the arrest of liberal Frenchmen whose only crime has been that they publicly associated themselves with the struggle for freedom of the Algerian people. The 'Manifesto of the 121' which they signed came after six years of war in Algeria. A war which has become one of terror and repression. General de Gaulle, who, it was hoped, would bring peace to Algeria, has been unable to do so. Now, a very important movement is gaining ground in France in protest against the war and the atrocious methods used by some elements in the police and army. As a result of this protest, more and more Frenchmen are being prosecuted, imprisoned and heavily sentenced; newspapers are banned; university professors, teachers, and civil servants are dismissed for criticising the government and supporting the Algerians in their fight for freedom.

But the French government cannot turn back the pages of history. Colonial rule is fast dying and the 'wind of change' is becoming a hurricane. The attempt to prevent liberal-minded people in France supporting the just demands of the Algerians can only result in the enslavement of the French people.

We call upon liberty-loving people everywhere to support the courageous Frenchmen who fight for the rights of individuals threatened no less in France than in Algeria.

ELIZABETH AYRTON
MICHAEL AYRTON
RITCHIE CALDER
LEWIS CASSON
HUGH MACDIARMID
DORIS LESSING
LESLIE PLUMMER
HERBERT READ
BERTRAND RUSSELL
RONALD SEGAL
MICHAEL SCOTT
SYBIL THORNDIKE

Any of your readers who would like to support this protest should write to me at the address below, signifying their willingness for their name to be added.

AUDREY JUPP

13 Prince of Wales Terrace
W8

THE USES OF SOCIOLOGY

SIR, – I had better make a clean breast of it: I am non-sociologically orientated, and I have a dreadful suspicion that for years I have either internalised or externalised the normative de-

mands of the image of middle-class behaviour which I hold.

Having thus admitted my shocking lack of grace, I can only hope – unrepentant old sinner that I am – that one day sociologists like Mr Steven Box will learn to write a language one tenth as clear or as sensible as Mr Priestley's, every word of whose letter I disagree with, but every word of whose letter I understand.

JOHN CONNELL

7 William Street House
William Street, SW1

SIR, – It is rather alarming to hear and read people crusading for the cause of sociology. Perhaps after reading Ralph Samuel last week they may have second thoughts and recognise that because 'the study of society' means everything – it means nothing.

An intellectual discipline is distinguishable by its subject matter and method. We can with certainty identify political science, political economy and history and with fair approximation define geography, anthropology, psychology, aesthetics and town planning. If it be argued that we need a term to describe the sum of them all then 'sociology' may be of that much use and no more.

It is not just that we are faced with another phase of trans-Atlantic take-over (although that is also true) but that the social sciences are now to be tempted to give up their struggle for scientific identity in favour of a meaningless merger. It is probably the case that English political science, history and political economy have never been in such a low state as they are today. In that circumstance 'sociology' can be just a convenient excuse for running away from real problems and hard work.

PETER CADOGAN

5 Acton Way
Cambridge

RESTOCKING THE SEAS

SIR, – In his article on the transplantation of Pacific salmon by the Russians to Arctic waters, C. M. Yonge describes this as 'judicious' and says that the Pink Humpback salmon is the ideal fish for the purpose. About two years ago I collected detailed information about Pacific salmon from United States and Canadian official sources and from other authoritative opinions and experience. I venture to say that the experiment is not only injudicious but likely to cause trouble and resentment.

There are five species of Pacific salmon grouped in the sub-genus Oncorhynchus, namely the Quinnat, Chinook, King, Spring or Tyee as they are known in different areas; the Sockeye or Red; the Coho or Silver; the Humpback or Pink (referred to by Professor Yonge), and the Chum or Dog-salmon. (There is also another type apparently found only in Japanese waters.) All five types ascend Canadian and United States rivers, including the Yukon, Skeena, Fraser (700 miles long), Columbia (1,270 miles long) and they also ascend long tributaries of these and other rivers, in their millions yearly.

It would be interesting to know what the authority is for the statement that the Humpback Pink only spawns in the mouth of a river. According to scale samples from fish running up the Skeena river to Babine Lake (200 miles from the sea), in 1953, 700,000 Quinnat, Coho and Pink (the species referred to by Mr Yonge) ran up that river alone that year.

As Mr Yonge quite rightly says, every fish dies after spawning (thus differing entirely from the Atlantic salmon) and hundreds of thousands of dead and dying fish float down every year, many of them washed up in windrows along the banks, a nauseous and horrible mass, highly offensive to all the senses.

It remains to be seen whether, if the Pacific salmon does manage to establish itself in rivers frequented by the Atlantic salmon (a very doubtful factor), it will drive out the Atlantic fish or vice-versa. If any 'crossing' took place the resultant fish would not be up to the standard of the Scotch salmon which is far superior to any Pacific fish. The Quinnat, which is the fish now found in the South Island of New Zealand, was introduced there and also probably found its own way there after experiments to introduce the Atlantic salmon had failed. The average weight of the Quinnat is over 20 pounds, that of the Pink only eight. There are many who already deplore this attempt to upset the balance of Nature.

H. UNDERDOWN

Carlton Club
St James's St, SW1

EDUCATION OF CHARLES III

SIR, – Why does Mr Kingsley Martin 'see no good reason' why Prince Charles should not be educated at a 'good Grammar school'? One of the tragedies of growing up as heir to the throne has always been that no one ever seems to take into account the child's aptitude, let alone his particular temperament. If the idea is to produce a monarch suitable for a modern democratic society one would have to find out in what type of school the boy would develop to his full capacities. This might be in a grammar, or secondary modern, or technical, or comprehensive. And as we have not as yet any perfect system of education it might even be in a 'progressive' or any other type of independent school.

MARJORIE E. MITCHELL

79 Platts Lane, NW8

CATHOLIC TOLERATION

SIR, – Whilst I quite agree with Anne Smith that Dr Heenan's condemnation of religious persecution in Spain is to be commended, I should be far more impressed if the dignitaries of the Roman Catholic Church as a whole were to see fit to denounce all religious persecution including that embodied in their own past history. The real fact is that Roman Catholicism is an essentially intolerant creed and that it has insisted upon exhibiting this aspect in its social life. For this reason, the issue is far more serious than one of a limited disapproval, such as that concerning physical persecution in contemporary Spain.

Again, Anne Smith seems to me to be on very questionable ground with regard to the FPA poster. It was withdrawn in response to the efforts applied by a Roman Catholic pressure group to the LPTB. This group may be 'a significant minority' who object to contraception upon moral grounds. But a democracy is not in a position to give way to significant minorities who may challenge the desires of the far greater majority. Its guide must be 'the greatest good of the greatest number, bounded only by the greatest good of the whole community'. In an age when the overwhelming majority of the whole community is certainly non-Catholic and very probably non-Christian, it is an affront to democracy that the desires of a minority, whether Roman Catholic or Anglican, should be allowed to restrict the giving of information to the majority.

Surely the truly democratic point lies in the fact that no Roman Catholic is in any way coerced to take any notice of the directions given upon the disputed poster. Certainly, the apparent attitude of LPTB, in giving way to the group which shouts the loudest, may have had the approval of Mr Pickwick at Eatanswill but it is one which scarcely leads to the democratic dissemination of educated opinion. The time has come when Roman Catholics should be told very plainly that they are merely a dissenting minority in this country, that they may impose what rules they like for their own minority so long as they are in accord with the law of the land, but that they are not free to impose their views upon the wider world which has consciously and explicitly rejected them.

F. H. AMPHLETT MICKLEWRIGHT

Bishop's Folly
228 South Norwood Hill, SE25

ANY OLD PICTURES?

Flowerseller, London 1905

Those who saw Granada TV's programme 'The Boer War' will realise that the past can be brought alive by old photographs and drawings. 'A classic of its kind' was the verdict of THE TIMES. Granada TV is preparing more similar programmes and would welcome suggestions for subjects, particularly from people who have old photographs, or know where they can be found, which they think would help make an interesting programme.

If you have any ideas, or any old pictures, please write to:—

GRANADA TV MANCHESTER 3

Six Brecht Poems

translated by MICHAEL HAMBURGER

Legend of the Origin of the Book Tao Te Ching on Lao Tzu's Way into Exile

When he was seventy and growing frail
The teacher after all felt the need for peace,
For once again in the country kindness did not prevail
And malice once again was on the increase.
So he tied his shoe-lace.

And he packed every necessary thing.
Not much. But this and that into his bundle sped.
So the pipe that he smoked every evening,
And the slender book that he always read.
Also a ration of white bread.

Was glad once more of the valley, and put it out of mind
When towards the mountains he began to track.
And his ox was glad of all the new grass it could find,
Chewing, as it carried the old man on its back.
For he was not the hurrying kind.

But before the fourth day's rocky travelling was done,
A customs man interposed his authority.
'Please declare your valuables!' – 'None'.
And the boy who led the ox said: 'A teacher, you see.'
This met the contingency.

But the man, cheerful, and struck by a sudden notion,
Went on to ask: 'Who discovered something, you'd say?'
The boy replied: 'That yielding water in motion
Gets the better in the end of granite and porphyry.
You get me: the hard thing gives way.'

To lose no more time in the failing light
The boy drove on the ox, and the three had passed
Behind a black Scotch fir, and were out of sight
When our man, jerked into action at last,
Yelled out: 'Hey there, stop! Not so fast!

What's this about water, old man, that's so special?'
The old man stopped: 'Does it interest you?'
Said the other: 'I'm only a customs official,
But who gets the better of whom, that interests me too.
If you know and can tell me, do!

Write it down for me. Dictate it to this boy.
You don't take things like that with you. Have a care.
Of paper and ink we've a copious supply.
And there's a bite for you too: I live in there.
Well, do you call that fair?'

Over his shoulder the old sage now
Glanced at the man. Patched coat. Never owned a shoe.
One deep wrinkle his brow.
Oh, this was no victor. So much he knew.
And he murmured: 'You too?'

To reject a courteous suggestion
The old man, it seemed, was too old.
For he said aloud: 'Those who ask a question
Deserve an answer.' Said the boy: 'And it's turning cold.'
'We'll stay, then. Hold!'

And the sage dismounted, having made his choice.
For seven days the two of them wrote on.
The customs man brought them food (and all that time lowered his voice
When he swore at the smugglers and those on the run.)
Then the work was done.

And one morning the boy could present to
The customs man eighty-one maxims completed,
And, thanking him for his gift of a small memento,
To the rocky track, round that fir, they retreated.
Rare politeness, you'll grant. Can you beat it?

But not to that wise man alone our praise is due
Whose name adorns the book Tao Te Ching.
For the wise man's wisdom must be dragged out of him too.
So the customs man also deserves our thanks for the thing:
He did the eliciting.

Iron

In a dream last night
I saw a great gale rage.
It gripped the scaffolding
Tore down the supports
Of solid iron.
But whatever was made of wood
Bent and remained.

Questions of a Literate Working Man

Who built Thebes of the seven gates?
In the books you find the names of kings.
Was it the kings who hauled chunks of rock to the place?
And Babylon, many times demolished,
Who raised it up again so many times? In what houses
Of gold-glittering Lima did the builders live?
Where, the evening that the Great Wall of China was finished,
Did the masons go? Great Rome
Is full of triumphal arches. Over whom
Did the Caesars triumph? Had Byzantium, much praised in song,
Only palaces for its inhabitants? Even in fabulous Atlantis,
The very night the ocean engulfed it,
The drowning still roared for their slaves.
Young Alexander conquered India.
Was it he alone?
Caesar defeated the Gauls.
Did he not have a cook at least in his service?

Philip of Spain wept when his armada
Had sunk. Was he the only one to weep?
Frederick the Second won the Seven Years' War. Who
Else won that war?

Every page a victory.
Who cooked the feast for the victors?
Every ten years a great man.
Who paid the bill?

So many reports
So many questions.

Changing the Wheel

I sit on the roadside bank.
The driver changes a wheel.
I do not like the place I have come from.
I do not like the place I am going to.
Why do I watch him changing the wheel
With impatience?

At Ulm, 1592

'Bishop, I know how to fly',
Said the tailor to the bishop.
'Just watch me try!'
And with a couple of things
That looked like overgrown wings
To the big, big roof of the church he climbed.
The bishop walked by.
'It's all a monstrous lie,
A man is not a bird,
No man will ever fly,'
Said the bishop of the tailor.

'The tailor has passed away',
Said the people to the bishop.
'It was a sad affair.
Broken-winged he crashed
And now lies smashed
On the hard, hard city square.'
'The church bells are to ring
It was all a monstrous lie,
A man is not a bird,
No man will ever fly',
Said the bishop to the people.

On Teaching without Pupils

Teaching without pupils
Writing without fame
Are difficult.

It is good to go out in the morning
With your newly written pages
To the waiting printer, across the buzzing market
Where they sell meat and sets of workmen's tools!
What *you* are selling is sentences.

The driver has driven fast
He has eaten no breakfast
Every bend was a risk
In haste he steps through the doorways:
He whom he came to fetch
Has already gone.

There speaks he to whom no one is listening:
He speaks too loud
He repeats himself.
He says things that are wrong:
No one corrects him.

Some of these poems will appear in a translation of Brecht's Tales from the Calendar, *to be published by Methuen next year.*

BOOKS IN GENERAL

The Uses of Numeracy

JOHN ZIMAN

One of the few lasting effects of the Crowther Report may well be the introduction of the inelegant but convenient word 'numeracy', as an approximate analogue of 'literacy'. By the suggestion that it is positively shameful, in this day and age, to be 'innumerate', schoolmasters in the more literary subjects may be persuaded to move over a bit and make room for some instruction in a science and mathematics for even the most brilliant of their pupils. It has also touched off an avalanche of popularising works, purporting to do for adults what ought already to have been done to them at school.

Nevertheless, what *can* be done about 'explaining' mathematics? The fact is that the natural sciences are subtle, complex and difficult, and not to be grasped without an effort. This is peculiarly true of mathematics, whose ideas are all purely abstract and whose expression is always symbolic. This is not some historical accident, like the notation of medical prescriptions. Without abstract symbolism, mathematical arguments would become incomprehensibly inflated, beyond the worst legal jargon. To take a simple example, I write down an equation:

$$2d \sin \theta = n \lambda$$

This is a bit shorter than, say 'Take the length which is double the distance between the planes of the crystal lattice, and multiply it by the ratio of the ordinate to the hypotenuse of the right-angled triangle whose base angle is the same as that formed by the incoming beam of electrons and the perpendicular to the lattice planes: the product so formed is an integral multiple of the length between successive peaks in the wave train . . .' By the time we get to the end of this, we have already forgotten what it was all about, and are in no position to see, at once, the simple consequence:

$$\sin \theta = n(\lambda/2d)$$

i.e. 'hence the ratio of the ordinate etc. . . . equals an integer multiplied by the ratio of etc. . . .' Mathematical symbolism was not invented to keep the mysteries pure in the hands of the priests but constitutes the most beautiful and powerful machine for doing logic without special thought. If you set down the equations correctly, and blindly follow the rules for their manipulation, you are not likely to make a logical error (even if what you say may in the end be trivial). Algebra is just a gear-box for the accurate transmission and transformation of the mathematician's intuitive ideas. To 'understand' mathematics one must learn these mechanical manipulations of algebra until one can see beyond them to the higher logic of the argument. They must become as automatic and unconscious as changing gear for a motorist.

This I take to be the rationale of Professor Hogben's book*. It is essentially sixth-form mathematics – algebra, geometry, trigonometry, analytical geometry, calculus, and our old friends, permutations and combinations – expounded from its historical setting. Thus, geometry arises out of the Greeks (were they really as inimical to empiricism as he suggests?), algebra out of the Renaissance, calculus out of seventeenth-century dynamics, and so on. The symbols and theorems are orthodox enough, and with the aid of innumerable beautiful diagrams, reproductions of old prints, maps and manuscripts he and his publishers have made a book crammed with interesting facts and fancies.

Alas, it is all spoiled by an atrocious style. What is the innocent layman, humbly seeking knowledge, to make of such crabbed, germanic, scholar's gobbledygook as 'Hence we cannot be sure that the limitation of Plato's embargo conferred on the impossibility of trisecting any angle its peculiar interest; but it is a likely explanation of the fact'? I recommend as a counter-incantation 'x = 0; therefore the Negative Absolute does not exist!' Instead of setting forth the elements in a simple way, he makes all sorts of clever philosophical generalisations that will only infuriate those competent to understand them, and so twists, warps, cuts short, tangles, polymerises, and generally messes up the threads of argument that he has, in his own immortal phrase, made a difficult subject 'more than necessarily unintelligible'. I am afraid that my advice to the honest seeker after truth must be 'Back to Hall and Knight's *Algebra*'.

Is 'numeracy', then, so inaccessible without years of hard labour? Let me halve the problem, in a typically academic way, by making a fine distinction between 'numerate' and 'numerary', just as we distinguish between 'literate' and 'literacy'. That is, there is a difference between being able to follow, in a general way, a mathematical line of argument, and the much more difficult process of constructing such arguments for ourselves. It is not essential that every educated person should be able to solve a differential equation, any more than that they should be able to write a passable sonnet or to translate Virgil. What he needs is to acquire enough feeling for the power of quantitative considerations for him to accept these when inevitable, and yet be able to stand up to people who will try to bamboozle him by glib manipulation of IQs, the purchasing power of the pound, the relative costs of electricity and oil, the number of 'Don't knows' in a Gallup Poll, the mechanics of winning on the Pools and, in general, the number of swallows needed to make a summer.

It is numeracy in this restricted sense which is the subject of Dr Land's book**. He goes only as far as logarithms and trigonometry, but every topic is related to a wide selection of practical examples from everyday life. He also writes with perfect clarity and simplicity and illustrates his argument with simple elegant diagrams. There is a pleasant modesty about his style, a readiness to discuss the most ordinary matters as if they were important and interesting even to very clever people, that is attractive. Yet he is not afraid to introduce some unusual topics, such as the Fibonacci sequence, which are little known even by professional mathematicians, and to suggest some quite new applications to biological systems. This book should be called *The Uses of Mathematics*, and set for a University Entrance Paper along with our new friend *The Uses of English*.

Of course, what passes for mathematics to the world at large is often actually physics. The great theories of Newton and Clerk Maxwell, Einstein, Schrödinger, Heisenberg and Dirac are about the nature of things and are verifiable or falsifiable by observation and experiment, even if they are almost inexpressible except in mathematical language. Strangely enough, it is the Special Theory of Relativity, often supposed to be the height of incomprehensibility, which is the easiest to explain to ordinary modern people who are quite accustomed to travelling in trains, watching car speedometers, and dropping bombs on each other from aircraft. It involves no special new mathematical technique and its physical context is simply space and time with which we are, we think, familiar. The Russian authors of *What is Relativity?* and their translator† – all physicists of international reputation – have done an excellent job. They avoid all formal symbolism, but work through various hypothetical cases by simple arithmetic: 'a rocket weighing one ton is travelling at 260,000 kilometres per second . . .' It is charmingly illustrated; the only obscurity I can find is two contradictory quotations on the title page, from someone called V. I. Lenin. Who was he? What did he have to do with physics?

The 2,500 pages of *The World of Mathematics*‡ are impossible to review; they are so rich and varied. Suppose that we have found time, at school or after, to learn those elements that Professor Hogben discusses. Then Dr Newman provides us with a guide to the whole new realm of thought that is now open to us; not a Baedeker, but one of those delightful travel books which take us, in our armchair, to see strange sights and taste fantastic pleasures. A four-volume anthology of writings about mathematics sounds dull and deadly. So it would be if it were not chosen with immense learning and perfect discretion, enlivened with charmingly instructive notes and enriched with subtle and apt quotations. The selections are not scraps, but self-contained essays, each of 20 pages or so, chosen from the whole of the litera-

* *Mathematics in the Making*. By LANCELOT HOGBEN. *Macdonald*. 50*s*.

** *The Language of Mathematics*. By F. W. LAND. *Murray*. 21*s*.

† *What is Relativity?* By L. D. LANDAU and G. B. RUMER. Translated by N. KEMMER. *Oliver & Boyd*. 3*s*. 6*d*.

‡ *The World of Mathematics*. By JAMES R. NEWMAN. *Allen & Unwin*. 4 vols. 7 *gns*.

ture about mathematics. Did you know that Spengler had some extremely interesting ideas on the meaning of numbers? Have you read C. V. Boys's charming essay on the Soap Bubble? Do you know L. F. Richardson's ideas on the mathematics of war, recently discussed in this journal? Who was that neglected genius, C. S. Peirce? Did Eddington's last work make sense? What did Turing and Gödel say about logic and computing? How big was Archimedes' number, more than the grains of sand in the world? What was G. B. Shaw's attitude to mathematics? How does one hunt a submarine? In this work we see the mathematical way of thought as a prime ingredient in all our culture. We also see that mathematicians are often capable of writing, simply, clearly, elegantly, wittily, and that what they have to say may be of extreme interest and importance. The price and size of this work will perhaps keep it out of the personal possession of individuals, but every single school and college that pretends to offer instruction beyond trigonometry should buy it for its library. Here is the fusion of 'literature' and 'numerature', going beyond the jargon of our academics and educators into a realm of great art which can never be taught, only enjoyed.

Warrior

Some division divided on itself
The parent world, in imperfect fruition,
Conceived as child in her children. All men
With all women, split between their single love
And their multifold, were born in thought,
But before them, thought as division was born.
World fits like a brain. God, making himself,
Since being made makes the flaw, is divided
On himself. As if air were a discord
We breathe division. What is division?
Man lies on rock, in a barren splendour,
Disaffected from himself, from rock,
Even division. Despair shall come,
And shall clutch him, and it tear him
Till he is bits. This is division.

JON SILKIN

Salon History

The Age of Reason. By HAROLD NICOLSON. *Constable.* 45*s.*

Eighteenth-century Europe is a splendid continent: 'one great republic,' as Gibbon called it, 'whose various inhabitants have attained almost the same level of politeness and cultivation.' Of course it was not really as simple as that. Below the smooth, gaily-patterned surface, the old tensions remained, and new tensions were forming which would soon, surprisingly soon, destroy it all. Nothing in history is as secure as it seems, and even the Golden Age would be found (if it could be found) to rest on dark and twisted foundations.

But this only adds to the pleasure of exploring that 'great republic.' We can explore in the hard way, if we like, analysing its hidden structure, its inward strains, its geology and geography. Plenty of pioneering work still awaits bold spirits. But at Christmas we may well prefer a jollier, less exacting course: to go on a conducted tour, in cosy middlebrow company, in a well-cushioned omnibus which will whisk us past the less accessible spots and put us firmly down, at comfortable intervals, in those well-proved resorts where entertainment can be guaranteed and the local beauties pointed out in a genial, witty, postprandial lecture by a distinguished, accomplished, established man of letters.

If such is our purpose, what more delightful cicerone could we have than Sir Harold Nicolson? This book is marvellously adapted for such lectures. Each chapter is of identical length and would take exactly an hour to deliver. Each chapter is also self-contained, even though this means a lot of repetition. We learn about Diderot thumping the knees of Catherine the Great both in the chapter on Diderot and in the chapter on Catherine; we are given Horace Walpole's description of Wesley both under Walpole and under Wesley; and Madame de Tencin's exposure of her illegitimate child (since that child was d'Alembert) features both in lecture – I mean chapter XII, on 'the Salons' (*i.e.* Madame de Tencin) and in chapter XIV, on 'Free Thought' (*i.e.* d'Alembert). Still, audiences doze and may easily miss a good point unless it is repeated. If Sir Harold should turn this book into the lectures for which it is so ideally fitted, he should certainly deliver them in America. Apart from his useful habit of translating his French quotations, which would be a help in that remote continent, and some strange verbal forms which would make better sense there than here, he has punctuated them with some very flattering references to the high level of morality and other virtues of that 'mighty nation'. These, I am sure, would be much appreciated.

And then Sir Harold is so indulgent to our weaknesses. The eighteenth century was an age of 'Reason', 'Philosophy'. But to the rigours of thought most of us prefer the charms of gossip. Sir Harold has therefore very sensibly omitted from his 'portrait-gallery' (intended to show that 'variety of ideas' which makes the 18th century so 'fascinating') such too intellectual figures as Newton, Montesquieu, Hume, Gibbon, and concentrated on more chatty characters like Saint-Simon, Addison, Horace Walpole, Dr Johnson, Cagliostro. Some of these portraits are delightful: I particularly enjoyed his perceptive account of Dr Johnson and his sympathetic study of Walpole. And of course he is at his best on the Parisian salons. He is also very considerate to our weakness when he sketches in the historical background, reducing it to highly readable chapters on the private lives of the more colourful despots. We hear all about Catherine the Great's thirty-odd lovers and Louis XV's *Parc aux cerfs*. On the other hand he slides rather rapidly over anything approaching an idea. The ideals of the Royal Society, so fundamental to the Enlightenment in England, he dismisses as 'grim'. Jansenism, which in one way or another influenced nearly every great French writer of the seventeenth century, is dismissed as 'assuredly one of the most gratuitous causes that has ever distracted and inflamed the mind of man'. But these were seventeenth-century ideas, and Sir Harold, I am afraid, is not at home in the seventeenth century.

At times, I must admit, I feel that his grasp even of the eighteenth century is a little casual. It is certainly very partial. To him the Age of Reason is a purely Anglo-French age, at least until Goethe. He says nothing of Spain or Portugal, and the only Italians mentioned are Casanova and Cagliostro. And even in France he makes some odd judgments. The philosophers, he says more than once, were responsible for the Revolution in that 'they deprived of all self-confidence those who would naturally have defended the established system'. What does this mean? If it is true of anyone, is it not true of all reformers at all times? And is it anyway true of the eighteenth-century philosophers? Does Sir Harold really think . . .? But I cannot believe that he thought much about this. I prefer to suppose that he is sometimes casual rather than ever foolish.

For indeed he can be, at times, regrettably casual. In general his style is delightful. This book is full of happy phrases which it is a pleasure to read and a temptation to quote. But there are some very surprising exceptions. I will give two:

> Realising perhaps that the teaching of Cornelius Jansen, the doctrines of original sin and salvation, of predestination and Grace, possessed small popular appeal, or indeed were within the comprehension of even the most expert theologian, they decided that their long fight with the Jesuits should be best concentrated against the Bull *Unigenitus* . . .

> In the same manner, liberal-minded Britons of today would be startled were they accused of inconsistency if they approved of independence being granted to the peoples of our former Empire and do not violently disapprove of the tyranny of the Soviet Union or the domination exercised by Moscow over the satellites.

I have read the latter of these two passages ten times, and called in domestic help, but have been quite unable either to restore syntax or to make sense. Sir Harold, writing of Dr Johnson, well says 'I rejoice that so dominant a character in our own eighteenth century should have taught successive generations that clear thinking depends upon accuracy of speech.' I rejoice at this too. I only wish that Dr Johnson's teaching, in this respect, had been more effective.

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

The Ant and the Grasshopper

Travel-Courier in Spain. By WILLIAM HONEY. *Hale.* 16*s.*

The Road to Andorra. By SHIRLEY DEANE. *Murray.* 18*s.*

The title alone of Mr Honey's book will excite compassion in anyone but a monster. 'It was the beginning of my tenth tourist-season,' he opens, on the terse doom-laden note of a Hemingway, and he is determined to break new ground at last. In any conditions the courier must lead a terrible life of it, but in romantic Spain, land of confusion, breakdown and uproar, he must often plumb the depths of human misery. Undeterred, or it may have been simply unaware, Mr Honey guided his strange little flock to this country he had never seen, whose language he barely understood, on an all-in, all-found luxury tour by coach.

Compassion for Mr Honey is soon mingled with awe at the sweetness of his temper. One of his tasks was to pour out a stream of lively and instructive patter as the coach rolled on its way. Behind him, checking his answers, sat Mr Whinny, bookseller and autodidact, who had read Spain up beforehand. Mr Snort, for his part, would ask and require answers to such questions as 'Why are those

men standing there?' and 'What is behind that wall?' The Snorts did not like nasty foreign messes, as for instance *blanquette de veau*, and clamoured everywhere for mixed grills. Sometimes they got one and then it was not as good as it would have been in Australia. In Córdoba Misses E. and F. were put in rooms unfit for servants, and in Granada the baths were not what anyone was used to. When all went well it was no thanks to Mr Honey, when not, it was entirely his fault, let him have toiled as he might; and among this type of explorer there is a widespread belief that the agency is out to do them, the courier to feather his nest, in every possible way.

In the telling of these things Mr Honey is admirably gentle as well as entertaining. We do, however, sense a falling-off when he slips away for a breather and turns to straight description. Those great tourist runs are all well-trodden and he says nothing particularly fresh and much that inevitably has been said before. Nevertheless, this is a kindly, intelligent book and should be made compulsory reading for Mr Honey's clients, if read they can.

Miss Shirley Deane wanted to go and live in Andorra, she tells us, after seeing it as 'an improbable little mauve dot' in the atlas: thus striking at once the self-consciously madcap note that echoes through the book. With her husband Malcolm and two small sons she took a taxi from Barcelona to the frontier and rented part of a house in the village of Anyos. Her Andorran descriptions make delightful reading on the whole, for she writes extremely well of landscape, village life, peasant work and play, flowers and animals.

This idyll ended when Malcolm agreed to manage a German's pig farm in Ibiza; and that idyll too, again described with much felicity, ended after five months when the German proved to have neither pigs nor money. The creditors, however, were simply wonderful. After this, husband and wife found work in the tourist office in Palma, and were doing well when the police suddenly and nonchalantly informed them they had 72 hours in which to leave the country.

Understandably, Miss Deane has it in for Spanish authorities, and in making them appear as foolish as she can often overshoots the mark a little. Irritated by a customs inspection on the Alicante-Granada road, to take an example, she objects that there is no border anywhere near and quotes the Sergeant as fatuously replying, 'Señora, wherever there is a Guardia Civil in Spain, there is also a border'. Whether in the absence of her interpreter-husband she understood him aright we cannot tell, but as an old hand she ought to have known that Spanish customs may operate between provinces as well as neighbouring countries.

I cannot help thinking, too, that the expulsion was not simply due to Spanish fear of her writing's effect on American opinion, as she believes. Spain in many respects is far more generous to aliens than we are: the Home Office, we may be sure, would never allow the Spanish equivalent of Miss Deane and family to lead their delightful grasshopper's existence here. But to the Spanish mind, if not to ours, there would appear something peculiarly base in people who came with so little and who took so much setting up as critics and disparagers of their host; and Miss Deane must not cry out if, altogether, the authorities found her more trouble to them than she was worth. Easy come, easy go, after all: grasshoppers should understand that.

HONOR TRACY

The Quest for the Millennium

Political Messianism: The Romantic Phase. By J. L. TALMON. *Secker & Warburg.* 50s.

This book is part of a larger design. Professor Talmon wants to trace the history of what he calls 'Totalitarian Democracy' from its origins in the ideological background of the French Revolution to its present-day fruition in contemporary Communism. This book, the second volume in the series, deals with the 'romantic phase,' the early nineteenth century up to 1848, during which the heritage of Jacobinism was gradually appropriated by Socialism and Communism. It contains some very good accounts of the doctrines of the early Socialists (including Marxism up to 1848), some left-wing nationalists, and their conservative and liberal opponents. It ends with a reflective and yet dramatic account of the climacteric of 1848.

The Revolution of 1848 is for Professor Talmon a watershed because it saw the collapse of non-Marxian socialism, or rather its absorption into Marxism (Professor Talmon doesn't seem to take too seriously the subsequent history of Anarchism), the break between the forces of nationalism and those of socialism, and the final parting of the ways between Liberal and Totalitarian Democracy.

This last is one of the central themes of the book, and one of the things which gives it a relevance to our contemporary problems that few works in history have. Professor Talmon shows that the tension between individual liberty and social justice, between the demands of the Revolution which was to sweep away class rule and the right of the individual to dispose of his own life and property, was as alive then as it is today. The 'Girondist' or 'American' democrats put individual liberty first; government of whatever sort must be limited and checked by the division of powers. For the heirs of the Jacobins, liberty was a mockery without equality, without freedom from penury and want, without – and here was the crucial point – the power to direct one's own life, free from the forces of the market and the control of the rich.

This brings us, as Professor Talmon says, to the heart of a great contemporary problem, the tension between liberty and equality. And yet the book stops short of shedding any light on the dilemma either in its past or its present forms. For good as it is in portraying the events in which they were tried, Professor Talmon's work doesn't add much to our understanding of the ideas which form the basis of his study. One of the aims of the book, he tells us in the Introduction, will be the search for a 'morphology' of Totalitarian Democracy. Whence the perennial hope for the millenium? Why does it become a political force at certain places and times? Why does it turn tragically 'from a vision of release into a snare and a yoke'? Professor Talmon is aware that, in the nature of things, one can only offer tentative suggestions towards the answers to these questions at this stage, but his suggestions seem to stop short of real insight.

Professor Talmon does not want to remain within the narrow confines set by the doctrine of Economic Man. 'It is time,' he says, 'for historical thinking to acquire a new dimension, that of psychology.' But, in the upshot, some dimensions seem to have been

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abstracted. For, in the search for the psychological causes, Professor Talmon relegates the Industrial Revolution and the immense changes that it caused in society to the rank of a sort of historical background. For instance, once one separates out some vague general goal in abstraction from the specific aims of socialism, one is no longer dealing with the early socialist doctrines as serious diagnoses of the societies in which they arose. The central role given to the abolition of private property, for instance, seems arbitrary, or rather the result of pure *a priori* reasoning. Caught in the anguish of choice before the endless series of possibilities opened up to him in modern society, Professor Talmon writes:

> . . . man awaits redemption or rather a redeemer, casting his eyes feverishly about 'from whence cometh my help,' and praying for the saviour to relieve him of the burden of responsibility and choice, and usher him into happiness, or at least give him for a while the illusion of living strenuously through meaningful events.

Seen in this way the problems posed by Utopian or Marxist socialism cease to be serious, for the question posed is no longer a social one but one of individual psychology; the real problem is not, what kind of society should we have? but, how can the individual adjust to the inevitable stresses of the Open Society? Professor Talmon thus seems to share the premisses of a now commonly held view, one might say almost *the* view of the Centre intelligentsia of our, now shrinking, Western World. It is a kind of Liberal stoicism which calls for courage in face of the realisation that the dilemma of liberty versus fraternity is an insoluble one, and that any attempt to solve it will lead to bloodshed and obloquy. From this standpoint, Messianism is a kind of failure of nerve, a lapse into dangerous madness.

What eventually emerges from Professor Talmon's study is more a sense of continuity in emotional reaction than the picture of a tradition of political thought. That there is a tradition which leads up to modern communism one cannot doubt, but what its master ideas are still remains unclear.

CHARLES TAYLOR

Last Words

Poems 1955-59. By BORIS PASTERNAK. Trans. MICHAEL HARARI. *Collins-Harvill.* 16*s.*

Only nine poems are here published for the first time, the other 34 having already appeared in Soviet periodicals and in foreign editions of *An Essay in Autobiography*. Fortunately, the new offerings have nothing in them likely to ensure their author a posthumous return into the headlines. There are no coded messages for the West, no atonement for that annoying end to 'the Pasternak story': a man unaccountably preferring home, family and native land to the joys of exile. Some readers will doubtless be disappointed.

It is almost certain that this collection is Pasternak's last work. Except for a four-part tribute to Blok and a surrealist Bacchanalia, the poetry is mostly of nature or of calm reminiscence.

> massing in memory till
> the pattern is complete,

and it reads almost as a relaxation or an escape after the storms of *Zhivago* and the fireworks of Pasternak's youthful writing. Observation and analysis, that double thread (so hard to disentangle) which has led to comparisons with Donne, is still behind each line, but with less tenseness and urgency:

> Now fifty years of memory
> recede with the receding storm.
> Time to accept another stage;
> the century has come of age.

To say this is not to dismiss the poems as 'easy'. Mr Harari and the book's jacket make much of Pasternak's repudiation of his early symbolist poems and of his adoption of a more approachable style in and after *Zhivago*, but difficulties remain on every level. Failure to appreciate a foreign poet's change in style may be a measure of one's understanding of the language, but surely not when the change is said to be *towards* simplicity? The purely linguistic changes are anyway obvious – a reduced adjective-load and fewer and more straightforward verbs – so the reason must lie deeper than that. Beethoven's last quartets are difficult as much for their ideas as for their style, and a poet's ideas, the force behind words and images, may remain elusive for all his attempts at greater clarity.

One must start again, if only because the effort of finding the prose meaning of any poem encourages laziness and an easy emotional response. The presentation of these translations facing their Russian originals suggests that this effort is expected, a movement from the known to the unknown. In making it, we will also be confirming Pasternak's own insistence (admittedly in a prose context) that 'the text is full of exact definitions and statements, like mathematics'; there is certainly less likelihood thereby of hidden meanings being read into the original. What is wanted is a straight look at these autumn fields and forests, these snowstorms and kaleidoscopic city scenes, before anything is thought or felt about them.

But if this is what we are to do, then the translator is in a spot. Here at times he seems to be making this effort for us, particularly where he hesitates between a literal version and a more poetic one which carries the thought a stage farther on. He has wisely not tried to match the rhymed metre; even when this is done well, as it has been by Lydia Slater in her short book, the result reads like nursery rhymes. Yet is a choppy blank verse so very much better? With its inevitable compressions and re-orderings it is equally likely to throw the baby out with the bath water, the baby in this case being precision. Two of the marvellous seven stanzas on Fame, for example, seem to me to have been modified:

> A sideline in the margin
> Is all a chapter of living needs

may or may not have been what Pasternak meant, but it is not literally what he said; another phrase,

> blinding the passer-by
> With absolute nothingness to see,

suggests intent to deceive, not that simple avoidance of limelight which is the poem's theme. And the relatively strict conformity of 'In Hospital' is lacking from the 'Bacchanalia', where it is most needed.

My point is not that Mr Harari's interpretations are inaccurate, but that he makes them

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for us. The task might have been easier if he had been given either an entirely free hand or (along with the printed originals) a stricter brief to follow them; the tone of his introductory note implies this. The Russian text of these beautiful poems is a door which only a more literal translation can unlock for the reader with less than perfect command of the language, the kind of reader for whom Mr Harari's useful notes seem to have been intended.

RICHARD NEWNHAM

Canting Hypocrites?

Methodism Mocked. By ALBERT M. LYLES. *Epworth.* 25*s.*

Methodism came as an affront to the Age of Reason. It challenged the complacent rationalism of both Church and Dissent. It offered emotional release instead of moral exhortation. It made the poor self-conscious and gave them institutions of their own. It moved crowds to fervour, a contrast to the sleeping congregations of the average clergy, pictured by Hogarth. Naturally it was attacked, by indignant argument and by satire.

Mr Lyles has collected many examples, often virulent, even indecent. A Methodist on the stage or in satirical verse was a canting hypocrite. Whitefield, cross-eyed, flamboyant in oratory, constantly appealing for charitable gifts, was Dr Squintum, 'an enthusiastic rascal, that frightens the ignorant out of their wits and afterwards picks their pockets.' John Wesley was Cantwell, or Reynard the Fox, 'a short, squat, toothless Mufti, mean and proud,' who deserted his wife for younger female followers. Love-feasts and Watchnight services were occasions of lust. Lay preachers were illiterate and sly, whose converts, their sins forgiven, continued in vice with greater gusto. So Mrs Cole, the pious procuress in Samuel Foote's comedy *The Minor*, says she must 'labour in her vocation,' being saved by faith and not by works of the law.

Was there any truth behind this? No doubt there was a sexual tinge to Methodism, as to every human activity. Psychologists may point to John Wesley's marriage failures and his correspondence with female helpers, and to the amatory images in Charles Wesley's hymns. There is the notorious case of Westley Hall, Wesley's brother-in-law, an evangelical preacher dismissed for debauchery. But there seems little evidence that religious ecstasy in England led to sexual licence, as the American camp-meeting is said often to have done. Justification by faith alone apparently did not mean antinomian repudiation of moral standards; indeed, Methodism had a puritan strain from the first, and became authoritarian. But it was not against this that the satirists objected.

Methodism had defects and limitations, but it was an awakening. It belonged to that change from a static to a dynamic conception of existence and of society, on which so much of modern civilisation depends, for good and ill. It was romantic, exciting the feelings; yet it also demanded commitment, responsibility and self-discipline. Satire in France helped to break up the old order; but in England, if we may judge from Mr Lyles's pages, it was the weapon of Colonel Blimp. Joseph Priestley, the Unitarian radical, got the same sarcastic treatment as Wesley and Whitefield, as a disturber of the peace.

H. L. SHORT

The Facts of Life

Africa, The Roots of the Revolt. By JACK WODDIS. *Lawrence & Wishart.* 21*s.*

We discuss Africa too often in terms of the ideologies thrown up by its politicians. The real name for what goes on there is not 'Apartheid' or 'Partnership' but Exploitation. And at this time, with Welensky, Whitehead and their friends recently in London, it is useful that someone should say so as clearly as Mr Woddis does in his new book.

The fact that this is a Marxist book should not deter non-Marxists from reading it. For unlike some Marxist books on colonialism it rests its argument not on dogma, but on a careful sociological analysis of the position of the peasant and the worker in African society. Its author has a quite enviable command of the sources of information and by bringing them together has made a real contribution to colonial sociology.

The crux of colonialism in East, Central and South Africa, to which Mr Woddis devotes most of his attention, is the expropriation of the land and the use of various forms of compulsion to force the African to take his labour power, but only his labour power, to the cities.

Land expropriation may take many forms. It may involve outright seizure through warfare, it may be done, as in Rhodesia through a Land Apportionment Act, or it may be done under the guise of introducing freehold tenure to make farming more efficient. In any case the effect is to leave the African with far too little land for efficient agriculture and to compel him to migrate to earn wages to buy food for his family. Once he has been expropriated the next stage is to see to it that his labour power is applied to producing profits for settlers and capitalists as economically as possible. Colonel Grogan of Kenya saw the essence of the system when he said, 'We have stolen his land. Now we must steal his limbs'.

The crudest forms of forced labour may have been abolished in deference to ILO conventions. But taxes are still imposed to unbalance family budgets and force Africans into town. The recruiting companies still operate. Our Nato ally Portugal does her best to provide forced labourers for her own plantations, and miners turned over at so much per head to the Rand mines. And when all else fails there are always thousands of Africans requiring 'rehabilitation' after a prison sentence or an 'emergency'.

But the crucial difference between the exploitation of labour in African territories and in some other parts of the world lies in those devices which ensure that nothing else except the African's labour power shall enter the towns. He is paid the wages of a single man (though they fall short even of that) and lives either in a bachelor barracks or in what a Kenya committee calls a 'bedspace'. And the way to acquiring industrial skills is permanently barred by settler artisans adding their own meed of exploitation to that of the system as a whole.

It is perhaps a pity that Mr Woddis did not devote a chapter to the political instruments through which this form of exploitation becomes possible. Had he done so he would have noted that the actual powers of government are exercised not by the absentee capitalists who grow vastly rich on Africa's poverty, but by white workers, farmers and local capitalists. And at the moment some of

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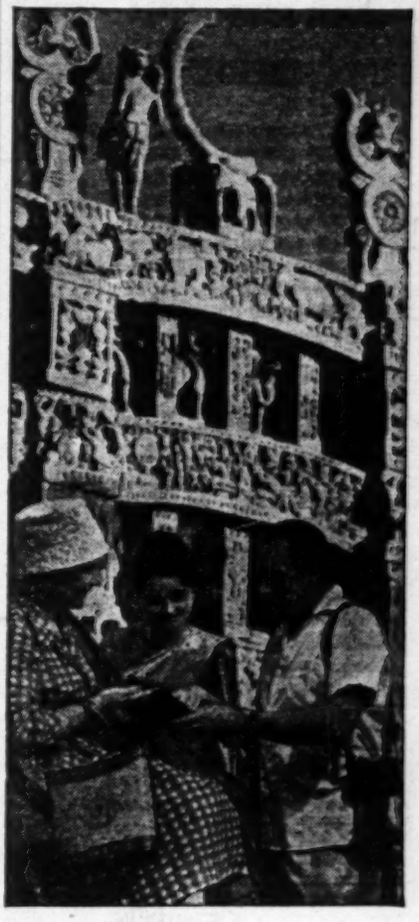

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these absentee owners are hoping to do a deal direct with the Africans, even if it means selling Verwoerd and Welensky down the river. The first breakthrough for the Africans may come in his way, and it *will* be a real gain. But this book represents a useful reminder to their leaders that political democracy is only the first stage of the fight for freedom.

JOHN REX

Poetic Knowledge

The Rats and Other Poems. By ALAN SILLITOE. *W. H. Allen.* 15*s.*

The Only Need. By BRIAN HIGGINS. *Abelard-Schuman.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

North of Rome. By RICHARD CHURCH. *Hutchinson.* 21*s.*

The Colossus and Other Poems. By SYLVIA PLATH. *Heinemann.* 15*s.*

Collected Poems, 1929-59. By JAMES REEVES. *Heinemann.* 21*s.*

Selected Poems. By JOHN PEALE BISHOP. *Chatto & Windus.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Alas for the poor Ogads (Mr Sillitoe's pet name for the English; it's Dago spelt backwards), the rats are at 'em. No wonder the happy Latin 'Who comes with sunshine on a living face' to visit this invested island weeps buckets; the creatures are everywhere,

> Pipe smokers who bend over boats
> And blazer wearers who wield cricket bats,
> Red-berried bird-brains hunting stoats
> And gamblers in bowler hats and spats.

Free as a bird, despite those Roman Scandals, the Latin turns up his Roman nose at a race which tolerates,

> Certain orders posted by the wise
> Of this dark Ogad world: 'Keep off the grass,'
> And: 'Queue this side of sign.' 'Thou shalt not pass
> Unless your child or dog be on a lead.'

What is remarkable about this volume is that Mr Sillitoe's quite private obsessions, expressed as they are with an extraordinary technical clumsiness, should have managed to find a home between hard covers.

Brian Higgins also has a chip on his shoulder, but its weight is lightened by self-criticism and intelligence. Also his spleen has a particular beast in view and is not aimed at a whole species. Hull University he has a go at, and its Librarian; also the cult which quite irrationally associates delinquency with genius. It is not, however, for its airing of grievance that this book is memorable, but because it has the ring of genuine poetry. Here is the ending to a poem about a man who died while attempting to swim the English Channel:

> From land he plunges, from the beach
> For cash, for fame, on logic's spree
> Goes in the insidious sea
> Unguided, while the sea-birds screech.
>
> The symbol of his human kind
> Who always choose to leave and throw
> Their own selves where they do not know,
> Urged by the whisper of the mind.

As opposed to the cerebral information scientific formulae give us about chicken tissue or a molecule, poetic knowledge can involve the whole human being. But in *North of Rome* Mr Church writes about some Italian cities while leaving himself, the observer, quite out of the picture. Since poetic knowledge (this is a point of Wordsworth's liaison with mountains and lakes) is always in some sense self-knowledge, there is a lack of reality about these word-pictures. They might seem little more than sketches for a guide book if Mr Church's mastery of technique did not invest them with a cool linear dignity.

It is difficult not to think of Ted Hughes (I mean, of course, some of his poems) when reading such an admirable invocation of exuberant, unparagraphed vitality as Sylvia Plath's 'Sow':

> . . . letting legend like dried mud drop,
> Slowly, grunt
> On grunt, up in the flickering light to shape
>
> A monument
> Prodigious in gluttonies as that hog whose want
> Made lean Lent . . .

Not that her work is in any sense derivative, but that these two poets often share the same vision. One might criticise the rather baffling obliqueness of some of Miss Plath's work, and the fact that her imagery tends to get out of hand, so that the poem becomes not a single experience but a series of intriguing 'literary gems'. But these are worthy faults, and Miss Plath's collection is distinguished for its fine handling of language and vitality of observation.

After reading Mr James Reeves' *Collected Poems* I find myself thinking about that mysterious breath or essence which distinguishes a live from a dead poem. Certainly one is predisposed in favour of these well-made verses which take their quiet way between (to use his own distinction) the Dionysian and Apollonian. 'Now for it' one feels, towards the end of some cool analysis of a country scene or personal relationship, 'the thing is going to crack its meaning home like a rattlesnake. That's what Robert Graves does and Mr Reeves is in the same tradition.' But not this time, it seems, as the verse gently peters out. One reads on, though, and perhaps every tenth poem makes some impact; but I was still left thinking, just what is it which distinguishes a live from a dead poem?

Perhaps it is a question of a poet's ability to infuse himself into the texture of language. John Peale Bishop died sixteen years ago in Massachusetts at the age of 52, but he is undeniably alive in his work, and one meets him in each poem of Allen Tate's selection.

> What have I done that she
> Should take such goodness away?
> I go from felicity.
> O lovers who now defray
> The cost of your heavy limbs,
> Know I have had my day.

Like Yeats and Donne, Bishop puts across the sharp contour of his own personality with such honesty of exploration that it becomes our common humanity and of general significance. It would be impertinence to try and suggest in a short review the variety of his technique or the depth of his penetration into the perennial themes of poetry. Mr Allen Tate writes of his work, 'None of these books, as well as the poetry, is remembered by the American post-war-generation. It remains to be seen whether the British public will see in him what his fellow Americans chose to ignore.' It is difficult to believe that poems of such quality can fail to find their public.

THOMAS BLACKBURN

The new edition of David Daiches's *The Novel and the Modern World* (Cambridge, 35*s.*) first published in 1939, contains two new chapters on D. H. Lawrence. The new edition of Harry Levin's *James Joyce: A Critical Introduction* (Faber, 21*s.*), has an additional chapter, 'Joyce Revisited'.

Light on Ralegh

The Queen and the Poet. WALTER OAKESHOTT. *Faber.* 25*s.*

The history of Elizabethan England is an enormous jigsaw with half the pieces missing, some important and some trivial. The general outlines of the picture are clear, and parts of it are almost complete; but there are large and baffling gaps. It offers a field, as the estate agents say, ripe for development, and has for long been a fine game for speculators. Discover a new piece, or suggest a new position for an old one, and instantly other pieces are displaced or fall into position. Decide, for instance, that Armado in *Love's Labour's Lost* is Sir Walter Ralegh, and other obscurities in that play are illuminated. Evidence is always there in abundance for almost any identification. Unfortunately, however, or perhaps fortunately, there is always as much evidence to the contrary, so that the speculators' game goes on indeterminately from theory to refutation, from thesis to counter-thesis.

Dr Walter Oakeshott, attracted like many before him by one of the central yet most enigmatic figures of the time, has written a plausible and welcome account of the relations between Ralegh and Queen Elizabeth. It is welcome because, although it contains a proportion of somewhat niggling pages, it deals with a body of good, sometimes excellent poetry – poetry which on the whole is neglected. Critics have hesitated to award Ralegh high marks as a poet because he was so much else besides – soldier, scholar, courtier, discoverer, popular legend and tragic hero. He was not much liked, and the contemporary view of him was that he was a vainglorious upstart, mean-spirited and self-seeking. But he was a heroic figure and a complete man in the true Renaissance sense, and his career spanned a heroic age. The central fact in his life, as in his age, was the worship of Elizabeth. She was the Muse as well as the sovereign; to serve her was to gain not only the poet's crown but also worldly advancement. Ralegh served Elizabeth long and dangerously; he won thereby power and wealth, all of which he lost. Elizabethan England is too complex to allow of our calling Ralegh a simple careerist. There is something noble as well as tragic about his devotion to the Queen. Of this devotion his poems are the enduring record.

They begin conventionally enough in the tradition of *amour courtois* and grow in urgency and passion to reach their climax in the great 'fragment' to *Cynthia* written, like 'The Lie', in the period of his disgrace. I can think of no poem written in English before this time which is its equal for sustained confessional eloquence.

> But in my mind so is her love enclosèd,
> And is therefore not only the best part
> But into it the essence is disposèd:
> Oh love! (the more my woe) to it thou art
> Even as the moisture in each plant that grows;
> Even as the sun unto the frozen ground;
> Even as the sweetness to the incarnate rose;
> Even as the centre in each perfect round.

It is not easy to convey the effect of the poem by quotation, for it is cumulative. It must be read in its entirety; and if Dr Oakeshott's book had no other aim than to focus attention on the *Cynthia* fragment, it would be a welcome contribution to Elizabethan studies; but it prints also the texts of all the other poems which can reasonably be ascribed to Ralegh as the expression of his service to the Queen. These are succinctly annotated and given a reasonable chronological sequence. Here is a poet who was in some things unsurpassed among the non-dramatic poets of his generation.

JAMES REEVES

Sex and Sin

Is Chastity Outmoded? By EUSTACE CHESSER. *Heinemann.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

A generation after Freud's death the British Medical Association was struck by a bright and useful idea: to publish a popular booklet on sex. But this praiseworthy project was too much for the prudes and priests. After it had sold 200,000 copies *Getting Married* was withdrawn. Dr Chesser's article, which caused the fuss, has now been expanded into a book. It is so cautious and tentative that one wonders whether those who attacked it were misled by the title without troubling to read what Dr Chesser actually said. Or it may be simply that the hypocrites, censors and public pornographers – the people who think this kind of book is improper for their adolescent children as well as for their wives and servants – want to put down Chesser as they once put down Lawrence, and for the same reason: they both take the sin out of sex.

The Christian churches, despite some notable dissenters from the Pauline tradition, have never accepted the idea that sex was a healthy and normal human instinct. Western countries have endured hanging, burning, flogging, imprisonment, sexual deviation and mental suffering in the name of chastity. The Church record reviewed by Dr Chesser is an extended footnote to that long and distressing book, *The Short History of Human Stupidity.*

The personal price that was paid is clear. But how much farther did it go? Does the rise of capitalism, and even the idea of the accumulation of wealth, in part stem from frustrated sexual drives? Witch-hunting and anal-eroticism have played their part in Puritanism. And anyone with an elementary knowledge of psychology can understand the hysteria of the passionate advocates of flogging and capital punishment. We are still harried by the sense of sin: even those who fought the battle of sexual emancipation at the beginning of this century could not rid themselves of the incubus of guilt.

Things are better now. At least the BMA had a shot at publishing this booklet. But even if we accept the idea that pre-marital intercourse is not morally wrong, there is no simple answer to the problem: is it desirable personally and socially? Dr Chesser discusses fairly the arguments on each side. Young people are reaching both physical and social maturity earlier than previous generations, and years before they are able to marry. It is a mischievous distortion for the press to suggest that Dr Chesser is saying that their alternative to chastity is promiscuity. On the contrary his thesis is that no one should begin a sexual association irresponsibly. The fact that contraception has vastly decreased the risk of conception does not of itself remove the social and psychological consequences of pre-marital intercourse. The State's function is to spread a knowledge of birth control, to liberalise the law on abortion, and to take a more tolerant attitude to illegitimacy. This is all true, though I think that Dr Chesser does not give enough weight to the deprivation of normal family life which must be felt by an illegitimate child. This is a problem that

They need more than pity

John, Anne and Robert were living sacrifices to TV—and not in any humorous sense either. They lived and slept in unimaginable filth and squalor. Each room in their home was strewn with litter; foul, saturated bedding, tin cans, milk bottles. Their mother was forced to beg food from neighbours. But in the place of honour, by the settee on which their father slept, stood a brand new television set, the latest model . . . Now, thanks to the *N.S.P.C.C.*, these children are happy and well cared for—but there are thousands of others, victims of cruelty or neglect, who need *your* help. A donation to the *N.S.P.C.C.*, even a very small one, can do an immense amount of good. The *N.S.P.C.C.* is not State-aided and depends entirely on voluntary contributions.

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persists irrespective of changes in the law.

Dr Chesser's book does not pretend profundity. It is designed for a non-specialist audience. His remarks are sober and sensible. I am left with one query. What happens to sexual morality if the scientists devise a completely foolproof contraceptive?

JEANNE MACKENZIE

The Middle Years

Horace Walpole's Correspondence with Sir Horace Mann. Vols. IV, V and VI. 1748-68. Edited by W. S. LEWIS, W. H. SMITH and G. L. LAM. *Oxford: Yale.* £18.

Horace Walpole's Memoirs. By GERRIT P. JUDD IV. *Vision.* 25*s.*

The great Yale edition of Horace Walpole's letters continues on its splendid and impressive way – the most awe-inspiring piece of literary scholarship at present in the making. A miracle of editing as always, with experts and advisers of every kind pressed in to take a role in the grand design. Windsor Castle, the Vatican, the late Sir Lewis Namier, Mr Romney Sedgwick, Mr Besterman, English dukes and American professors have all played their part in this vast labour of love and learning. In his preface Mr Lewis, the initiator of the whole project, pays a touching tribute to his wife, who died while this section of the correspondence was still in preparation: 'the Yale Walpole would not have been undertaken had it not been for my wife's decision that it was what she and I should do.'

The present volumes cover the middle 20 years of the Walpole-Mann correspondence. In 1748, when they begin, Walpole was 31 and his friend, the envoy at Florence, 47. These were the first formative years of Strawberry, of Gothic Rococo as it developed in the devoted hands of the Committee of Taste. In a famous letter to Mann the owner described the whole scheme of his battlements and plantations, the parlour 'hung with a stone-colour Gothic paper and Jackson's Venetian prints which I never could endure while they pretended to be after Titian . . . but when I gave them this air of barbarous bas-reliefs, they succeeded to a miracle.' Those were the halcyon years. The next decade was not so happy. A series of political storms, most of them concerned with the dismissal of his much-loved cousin General Conway, ended by plunging Walpole in a state of nervous exhaustion suitable to the composition of *The Castle of Otranto*. In 1767 he quitted Parliament, not at all sorry. ('Well! I shall only laugh at the trade now. I was born in it and I have lived in it half a century. I do not admire it.')

For the rest, these volumes are a panorama of the age. Methodism and masquerades, earthquakes and the smallpox, Mr Pitt in his gouty chair swathed in flannels on his way to Buckingham House, Wolfe off to Quebec, Garrick about to make the Grand Tour. ('But be a little on your guard', Walpole warns the diplomat, 'remember he is an *actor*', and the minister replies, with the peevishness of his profession, that 'I shall be expecting Mr Garrick and his wife, but shall be much embarrassed to know what to do with them in regard to the Italians. Sanosino, a castrato singer, after having been courted for 20 years by the first nobility in England, was not permitted to sit down in the presence of a Siena Countess'.) The Seven Years' War smoulders and blazes away throughout the middle of these volumes: 'From Pondicherry to Canada, from Russia to Senegal, the world has been a great bill of mortality!'

Walpole was the embodiment of the English eighteenth century's capacity for total recall. One never comes to the end of him; yet his obsessional communicativeness prevents us from forming any strong idea of his innate character. And because of this, one is grateful to Mr Gerrit Judd who, in his brief, erudite and deceptively readable monograph, seems to have put his finger on the essential Walpole – a man whom even Mr Ketton-Cremer, in his excellent biography, contrived to overlook. Walpole, as Mr Judd, in discussing his memoirs, takes care to point out, was a man hag-ridden and dominated by the thought of posterity. In this he was the child of his age. In the mid-eighteenth century, as Carl Becker has remarked, 'posterity, like nature, was often personified, reverently addressed as a divinity, and invoked in the accent of prayer'. This was Walpole's strength as a letter-writer and memoirist. For this, as his friend Gilly Williams declared, he 'has wrote, printed and built'. As an artist, he is incomparable. As a man, even after Mr Judd's learned and skilful dissection of the family and political sympathies displayed in his various memoirs, he remains an enigma. 'They who write of their own times', Walpole told Mason, 'love or hate the actors, and draw you to their party; but with the fear of the *laws* of history before his eyes, a compiler affects you no more than a chancery suit . . . ' Walpole was a good hater and no compiler. What he was intrinsically like as a man we are never now likely to discover.

PHILIP HENGIST

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No. 1,609 **Set by Hilbrian**

Competitors are asked to devise appropriate rhymed couplets as cracker mottoes for any three of the following: Anthony Wedgwood Benn, Enid Bagnold, Michael Foot, John Betjeman, Brendan Behan, Benjamin Britten, Dean Rusk, Adam Faith, Albert Finney, Federico Fellini, Jimmy Hill. Entries by 3 January.

Result of No. 1,606 **Set by Carol Lewis**

The usual prizes are offered for limericks either on any living English or American playwright or on one of the more familiar business tycoons.

Report

How pleasant to know Mr Lear
Who has written such volumes of stuff!

. . . perhaps I might reframe his next two lines—

If only the sage had been here
To compose a few more, off the cuff.

However, successful bards, anonymous and otherwise, have long been capping his limericks, and the present congregation have done extraordinarily and abundantly well. The playwrights attracted the main fire: it's surprising how vicious, even slanderous, some of their audiences can be (is Edgar Wind right in believing that art is no longer as troubling and subversive as Plato thought it?). In comparison the money-lords drew at best only a whimsical mockery. Prizes at the rate of half a guinea per asterisk.

Why is Beckett so much over-ridden
By an urge for the cryptic and hidden?
The brain must be nimble
To work out the symbol
In two cretins, a sump and a midden.

RHODA TUCK POOK

**Jean-Paul Sartre was most influential
In founding the Creed Existential
A friend of de Beauvoir
He's not married so far
Believing engagements essential.

FRANCES KRUSIN

*His name is plain Christopher Fry,
Whose flame once illumined our sky,
As Venus observed,
'You won't kill this bird –
He's a phoenix too frequent to die.'

P. W. R. FOOT

The Room of that there 'Arold Pinter
Ain't one as I'd care to come inter!
'Is blokes are grotesquer
Than them 'uns of Wesker,
They're balmier, mate, an' they're skinter!

DERA COOPER

Said Fry: 'This poetical stuff
Is hardest to write. Oh, it's tough!
I burn every night
A Lady for light,
But none of them's quite dark enough.'

E. O. PARROTT

*I think it was Agatha who
Set a Mousetrap in 'Fifty-and-two.
Today they still run it;
When asked how she dunnit,
She answered 'I haven't a clue'.

D. R. PEDDY

Oold Wesker, 'e knoo how ter dror folk,
And 'e fare ter knoo all about pore folk.
That little oold Beat
Can ding 'em a treat,
But the roots of that mawther ain't Norfolk.

MARGARET WOOD

*Jack Priestley, who never could bore us
As shrewd commentator or Chorus,
Now fruitlessly tries
To open our eyes
To the Dangerous Corner before us.

Mr W. Somerset Maugham
Found plays which the stage would perfaugham
If no money-spinner,
At least a Breadwinner,
Affording some port in a stangham.

A. M. ROBERTSON

If Brendan ('The Quare Fellow'), Behan
Had written 'Antigone', Creon
Would've talked with a brogue.
Now, for Christopher Logue
He speaks English – though Modern
Plebeian.
IAN C. GILCHRIST

*John Osborne looked back with a glare,
And packed 'em in tight at Sloane
Square;
Of critics, the older
Cried 'Chip on the shoulder,'
The rest, *'Succès fou.' 'Quelle affaire.'*
STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

Mr Alan Jay Lerner (with by-play)
Made *Pygmalion* less of a dry play.
Seraph Shaw, near hysterics
On hearing his lyrics,
Shocked Heaven with 'Not bloody *my*
play!'
J. A. LINDON

There was a young lady, Delaney,
Whose Honey was meat to the brainy,
Now beds on the stage
Have become all the rage,
For which we must thank Miss Delaney.
JOAN BOATFIELD

Its many's the year now since Sean
Left the Abbey's Old Lady forlorn,
And took off for Torquay
When he heard Yeats to say
He'd not stallfeed with alien corn.
ANDREW CASS

A policeman once tried to revelagh
Young North-country playwright called
Shelagh.
Now in case you should feel
Only Salford is real,
This 'ere pelagh found Shelagh was
relagh.
FRANCIS DRAKE

A quare Oirish fella named Behan
Was hailed in New York with a paean.
He said 'Ach, it's plazin'
If radther amazin'
To see me own name up in neon.'
MOLLY FITTON

A budding young playwright named
Coward
Came into the Twenties, and flowered.
He continued to sparkle
Until the Debacle:
Now the fruit is a teeny bit soured.
DORIS PULSFORD

*Onassis has dozens of ships
Taking oil on most perilous trips,
But his favourite cargo,
Quite free of embargo,
Is Winston, Havanas, and nips.
COCKATOO

*Charles (middle name Takeover) Clore
Wrote his name on the old boardroom door;
But where the deal ends
No one knows or pretends
That the Palace feels safe any more.
ROY M. WALKER

*I wish I could be Mr Clore
I'd buy up a multiple store,
Start branches in Paris
And Athens and Harris,
And never pay cash any more.
COCKATOO

A big take-over bid to the Boards
Is a turn that the City applauds
But it's all a deal loss
Rolling stones to get Moss
When the Prince turns his shares into swords.
ROY WALKER

The Countryside

EDWARD HYAMS

I have recently been engaged not merely in contemplating and working in the countryside, but in buying and selling some small pieces of it. Here is a scheme of the transactions. A sum of money, below £5,000, has passed from X to me; I have passed it on to Y and Z. By this means X has bought my house, I have bought Y's, and in addition half an acre of land which belonged to Z.

Let me say at once, to dispose of a point which is fundamental, that albeit a sinner myself I hold it wicked to buy and sell land. The right to alienate land is the root of economic evil.

But that is not what I want to write about here. I want to ask why my friend X, my friend Z and Mr Y, whom I do not know, cannot accomplish an ordinary transaction of buying and selling without very dear aid from solicitors. For, and this is the point, in order to convey my house to X, and Y's to me, plus a piece of land from Z, and to transfer less than £5,000 from X to Y and Z it has been necessary to pay three firms of lawyers a sum not much short of £200.

Now supposing me to have £10,000, a ridiculous supposition but just for argument's sake, I could go into a shop and buy a Rolls-Royce for £7,000, or a diamond necklace for £10,000 without any legal expenses at all. I could, if I were rich, buy an old master for £50,000, putting my money down on the counter and carrying off the picture wrapped up in brown paper. Yet the smallest of the three transactions in real estate mentioned above, involving the payment of £96, also involved a legal fee of £26.

There are two possible explanations for this fee: (i) the solicitors are making an extortionate charge, (ii) the solicitors had to do work in conveying half an acre of land from Z to me, which was worth £26. I know nothing about the firm in question but I prefer to believe that they gave good value for their fee. In short it costs £26 to convey the title in half an acre of land from A to B.

A couple of centuries ago it was possible for so sensible a man as Dr Johnson to say: 'I do not care to speak ill of any man behind his back, but that gentleman is an attorney'. Nobody could reasonably feel the same today. My acquaintance with solicitors is slight, I cannot even say that many of my best friends are attorneys; but I feel sure that they are as honourable as Brutus and incapable of taking advantage of the state of our laws to make money for themselves. That being so, and because in the existing state of affairs their disinterested goodwill is inevitably called in question by ill-natured persons, I would urge them to be foremost in initiating a most necessary reform: the abolition of the conveyancing rack . . . I'm sorry, the conveyancing business.

Solicitors will tell you that you are perfectly free to do your own conveyancing. This is quite true, just as it is true that you are free to repair your own television set. But whereas a television set is necessarily complex beyond the skill of the layman to understand, the rules for buying and selling land are *unnecessarily* complex in the same measure. A solicitor wrote to *The Times* not long since saying that he was all in favour of laymen doing their own conveyancing. He added that he specialised in litigation. A cynic? Not at all: I feel sure that his object was to point

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out the undesirable and curable difficulty in this kind of buying and selling.

I suggest that the government establish an office whose officers shall be charged with the task of setting up a National Land Index – a straight-forward card index system with one card for every property and every square inch of Britain accounted for. The cards would be filed alphabetically under owners' names, and duplicated to establish geographical files as well. Copies of the index would be set up in a dozen great centres in sub-offices with officers in attendance. Material particulars of every property would be entered on the cards; the immaterial ones suppressed. Completion of a deal in land would be marked by the issue of certificates to buyer and seller, such certificates to replace the absurdly elaborate contracts now entailed by any deal in land.

As title would be established beyond question by the Index, those doubtless tiresome and certainly expensive 'searches' and 'proofs' at which unhappy conveyancing clerks are obliged to toil and moil, instead of doing socially useful work such as writing articles for the NEW STATESMAN or making motor-cars or growing potatoes, would be eliminated. A fee would be charged for search or inspection of the Index; a larger one for the issue of certificates. These fees would support the office and might even produce a modest profit for the government to squander on obsolete arms or on setting up large notices beside old roads with a view to making us think they are building new ones.

And in case I be accused of proposing to deprive numerous worthy men of their livelihood, let me point out that the new offices would have to be staffed – by conveyancers.

City Lights

TAURUS

Bills roll in unnoticed just before Christmas, and the City has paid little attention to the Treasury's latest statement of the balance of payments. Perhaps it is as well. The statement comes out, after the usual mysterious adjustments to the trade figures and an allowance for the fact that invisible income is still depressed, at a deficit of £101m for the third quarter of 1960. The statement for the year as a whole is now likely to show a deficit nearer £150m than £100m, the largest since the Korean stockpiling boom of 1951; it will not be the 'fairly small current deficit' to which the *Economist* recently referred, still less the £450m surplus which the Treasury once thought would be necessary to meet commitments in the early Sixties.

The general public – and the small investor – is taking the news with a coolness which would be entirely admirable if it were better considered. The new suburbs of the City are still full of people who regard the past two years of booming share prices as normal and the balance of payments as a bogey which politicians bring out from time to time to keep the workers in their place: sterling is still strong, after all, and the gold reserve is still rising. The Treasury's figures throw some light on this. In the third quarter, despite our own trading deficit of £100m and the fact that other sterling countries, hit by the steady fall in raw material prices, were themselves in overall deficit to much the same extent, the sterling area's pool of gold and dollars rose by no less than £77m.

This happened only because non-sterling countries (mostly European) were sufficiently attracted by our high interest rates to run up their London bank balances by £226m and because other miscellaneous movements of short-term capital (largely the big international firms switching their money into London for the sake of an extra per cent or two) brought in another £80m: the figures also suggest that either our own long-term investment abroad were abnormally low in the third quarter or that foreigners bought a good deal of gilt-edged. All in all, there was an inflow of hot, or very warm, money during the third quarter of nearly £350m, following an inflow of perhaps £140m in the previous quarter: hot money probably accounts for 40 per cent of the sterling area's gold reserve. Now that the inflow is slowing down – and cuts in Bank rate are likely to slow it down still further – the realities of the situation will become more apparent. Ford has given us a useful Christmas present: in the New Year we shall have to face the effect of attempting to live on income.

The sight will be salutary; the only risk is that it may throw first the bureaucrats, then the politicians and finally the general public into a fit of panic. This general public has been sensibly manoeuvred during the past few months into agreeing that the country has

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been spending too much on symbols of affluence and too little on ensuring that its exports are competitive: whatever is wrong with British exporters the remedy seem to lie in a combination of a tough home market with continuing incentives to invest more in new equipment. But this is a long-term remedy, not to be given up for panic measures as soon as the gold reserve begins to fall. The Treasury has all the external scope that it deserves, and more, if it negotiates a stand-by credit with the International Monetary Fund before the end of January.

And it has Mr Kennedy, who seems to have chosen sufficiently well to suggest that his new administration will neither stampede out of its present difficulties nor propose measures likely to alienate Wall Street completely: there is now a good chance that the immediate dollar problem will be sensibly buried in compromise and then that the longer-term problem may be solved through an imaginative reconstruction of the International Monetary Fund. Dr Jacobssen may now be ready to agree that the US should give up backing its note issue with gold. But there may be other more radical, less Jacobssen-like proposals on the way.

★ ★ ★

Shipowners are feeling jollier at the moment than for some time past. First tanker rates jumped, now tramp rates have followed, after a fall in the volume of laid-up tramp shipping from five to two per cent during the past year which leaves much of the rump uneconomic. Tramp freight rates rose by 6½ per cent during November: they will probably rise further when Europe, exhausting its abundant but wet and rapidly-consumed grain harvest, begins to import. But the possible recovery in tramp rates is limited by the number of tankers which are now regularly carrying grain. Tanker rates have jumped recently, and an increasing number of wartime vessels will probably pass out of service; but the oil companies are still in a strong enough position to avoid long-term charters, new vessels are coming into service all the time, and a sustained revival is not expected for another couple of years. The grain-carrying tankers, for all the immediate allure of tanker rates, still insist on keeping tramp rates down.

Company News

Stewarts & Lloyds, recovering with gusto from a poor year, provided the best of the steel company results: not merely did its profit margins magnify the growth of turnover, but it actually sold more pipes to oil companies; its profit is up by over half, its net profit up by over four-fifths, and its dividend, quite unexpectedly, up from 11 to 15 per cent.

The other two steel results of the week were merely undisappointing. *Whitehead Iron* reported profits up by 46 per cent to a new peak and a dividend raised from 25 to 30 per cent, but the City had expected as much from its half-year statement; the question is now whether the company is to spend its ample funds on expansion. *Dorman Long* was able to report a profit up by 28 per cent and the forecast ten per cent dividend, but its net profit was reduced by a high tax charge.

Northern Dairies has reported a 15 per cent increase in profits, a maintained dividend, a five per cent scrip issue, and a promise that the 'dual method of distribution' will persist.

The Chess Board

No. 580. To Win or Not to Win

A game? Not exactly. What matters in **A** is the winning of a bet; and so as to obtain the desirable seasonal flavour, I should add that the game as well as the wager arose under the influence of a sumptuous Christmas dinner. 'Got your Queen now', chuckled White. 'Oh no, you haven't', insisted Black; 'bet you a fiver I won't lose my Queen.' 'It's a bet', said White and after 1) Kt-B2, R-K3; 2) KtxP ch, he exulted: 'That's the Kt-fork you couldn't escape. Next move I'll take your Queen!' – 'You won't', said Black; 'you've mated me.' White paid up and felt even sillier when his opponent showed him how he *could* have forced the win of the Queen after all. I feel generous in offering 5 ladder-points for this, but 6 for **B** may just be the fair rate for the job. I can save the space of a diagram. Just put the Black K on his QR5 and all the White pieces in their basic position. Not so basic though, one of them having only just returned home from ferocious slaughter leaving the Black K the sole survivor of his realm. Hence, it's a game position, and it is to be achieved in a mere 16 moves. Usually that type of problem allows a variety of solutions, but this one would seem to depend on the author's solution. (Karl Fabel, 1941). As for **C**, it's a case of second thoughts. White takes back his last move and then proceeds to mate in 2. At 7 points this should be quite a bargain for shrewd solvers aware of the usual stipulation that one move is taken back and a different one made instead. Remember that I refrained from mentioning a *different* move. **D** is the self-mate, customary in holiday numbers. White is to commit suicide by forcing Black to mate him in 7 moves. Even the uninitiated will find this suimate easy enough for 8 points when considering my very useful hint that this problem may well remind us of a rookery. **E** and **F** are both wins, both of them celebrated beauties. I have (over)-rated them 9 and 10 so as to reach a grand total of 45; moreover I'll give the useful hint that in **F** that KtP, once it gets going, will show some remarkable vitality. Usual prizes. Entries by 2 January.

A: H. Kluver 1926

B: T. R. Dawson 1920

D: E. Hasselkus 1948

E: Henri Rinck 1903

F&A. S. Gurvitch 1928

REPORT on No. 577 Set 3 December

A: 1) . . . P-Kt5?; 2) B-B6!! etc. [If . . . PxB; 3) R-Q7; if . . . Q-K1; 3) Q-Kt4].

B: 1) K-Q1, K-R8; 2) B-B1, K-Kt8; 3) B-K5(B6), K-R8; 4) B-Q4, K-Kt8; 5) Kt-B3 ch, K-R8; 6) K-B2, *P*=Q ch; 7) KtxQ mate.

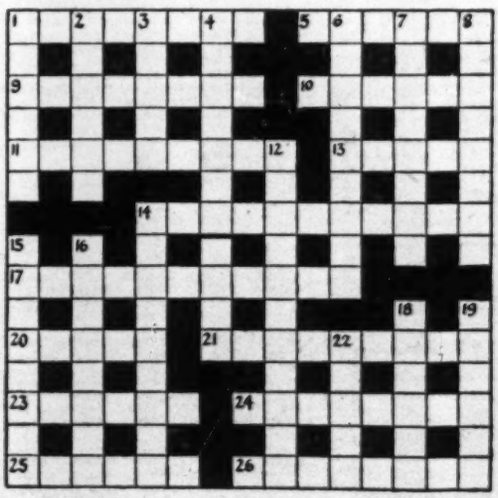
C: 1) R-B8, B-B7 ch; 2) K-R5, RxR ! . . . R-K4 ch would also be countered by 3) K-R6!; 3) K-R6, R-KB2 (best); 4) R-R8!! [The only move, R-Kt8(B8) being refuted by . . . B-R2(R3)]. R-R2!; 5) R-Kt8! [Now facilitated by the Black R keeping the B from a7]. R-QKt2; 6) R-QB8!, R-QB2; 7) R-Q8, R-Q2; 8) R-K8, etc.

Alternatives for **B** accepted. Prizes: E. Allan, J. W. Atkinson, H. Garfath, B. Silver, D. H. R. Stallybrass.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 437

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 437, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1, by first post 3 January.



ACROSS

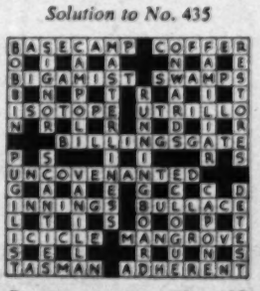
1. Shoot spy in disguise: they are busy before Christmas (8).
5. In form like a page in a shelter (6).
9. Transforming alas like chemical substances (8).
10. Throws dances (6).
11. Christmas fare makes one walk delicately before the team changes (9).
13. Place of agreement in the royal tale (5).
14. Marry, without Yuletide fuel in the untidy grate, one's saturated (11).
17. Tanner on something for Christmas, an excellent thing (11).
20. What to do with the turkey before and after it is cooked (5).
21. Watchers go quietly with man in broken pieces (9).
23. Speaks with a sailor about his rank (6).
24. Son of Wenonah (8).
25. What one does before Christmas when most of the holiday place is finished (6).
26. Perhaps give rage and anger (8).

DOWN

1. Injury universal in a market rising (6).
2. Joining when you are not finished with the ruler (6).
3. A place for everything in man (5).
4. The order shows the Christmas box is dangerous for the cockney (7, 4).
6. The Christmas decoration on wine is a flower (9).
7. Be miserable over mathematical calculations, the burden of the page (8).
8. James rises and what he receives for Christmas are rejects (8)
12. Dangerous ruins of the great inn (11).
14. Ground for festivities in Yorkshire (9).
15. The cutters have an explorer in charge up amidships (8).
16. Set out what is forbidden and overdue (8).
18. Her wit is so tortuous it makes one squirm (6).
19. The fourth one is the press (6).
22. The girl goes without us in the cutter (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 435



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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

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Applicants from Overseas may apply in the first instance by cable naming 3 referees, preferably in the British Isles.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF SWANSEA

Applications are invited for an Assistant Lectureship in Psychology in the Department of Philosophy. (Preference may be given to applicants with special interest or qualifications in Child Psychology).

Salary scales:
Under 26 years of age on appointment £600 x £50 to £900 per annum.

Over 26 years of age on appointment £850 x £50 to £950 per annum.

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Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, University College, Singleton Park, Swansea, by whom applications (six copies) must be received by Saturday, 14 January 1961.

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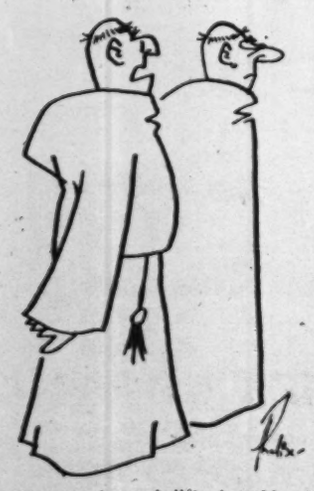

"If you ask me, hell is the Abbott"

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

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Applicants should have spent a period of study in Germany and preference will be given to those qualified in the field of German literature.

First-class ship fares to Sydney of the appointee and his family will be paid.

Appointee will be eligible, subject to satisfactory medical report, to contribute to the State Superannuation Fund.

Four copies of applications, including the names of two referees, should be lodged with the Agent General for New South Wales, 56 Strand, London, WC2, and a copy forwarded to the Appointments Section, The University of New South Wales, Box 1, Post Office, Kensington, New South Wales, Australia, by airmail to reach there before 3 FEBRUARY 1961. Applicants resident outside the United Kingdom and Eire need only submit one copy of their application to the London address.

COUNTY OF BUCKINGHAM

Appointment of Woman Probation Officer

APPLICATIONS are invited for the appointment of a whole-time Woman Probation Officer.

The appointment will be in accordance with the Probation Rules, and subject to medical examination.

Applications, stating age, qualifications, and experience, together with the names, addresses, and descriptions of two referees, must reach me by 2 January 1961.

R. E. MILLARD
Secretary to the Combined Probation Committee,
County Hall, Aylesbury.

DERBYSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL

County Health Department
Child Guidance Service

Applications are invited from QUALIFIED PSYCHIATRIC SOCIAL WORKERS for appointments in the above Service. Other staff include two Consultant Children's Psychiatrists; a non-medical Psychotherapist; and Educational Psychologists who work in this Service as well as in the Schools' Psychological Service. Secretarial assistance is provided. Diagnostic and treatment sessions are held at various Clinics and close co-operation exists with two County Council Hostels for maladjusted children, which facilitates continuity of treatment.

Salary £740 p.a.-£1,000 p.a., and service conditions according to Whitley Council recommendations. (Two Saturday mornings off duty a month). Superannuation. Car allowance; assisted car purchase scheme. Canvassing disqualifies.

Particulars and application forms obtainable from Dr J. B. S. Morgan, County Medical Officer, County Offices, Matlock.

NURSE (SRN or SEN) wanted for Jewish Old Age Home in Kew Gardens. Salary Whitley Scale or higher. Excellent accommodation and every comfort provided. Please apply to the Matron, Otto Hirsch House, 2 Priory Rd, Kew Gardens, Surrey.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ILFORD COMMITTEE FOR EDUCATION

Applications are invited for the post of a Psychiatric Social Worker at the Ilford Child Guidance Clinic. Candidates should possess the Mental Health Certificate of London School of Economics or the Certificate of Psychiatric Social Workers of the Universities of Edinburgh, Liverpool or Manchester. Salary in accordance with the current scale of the Whitley Council for the Health Services (Great Britain), £740 rising to £1,000 per annum, plus London Weighting.

The Clinic is a large one employing three Psychiatric Social Workers and two Psychologists, two part-time Child Psycho-therapists, and has nine Psychiatric sessions. The Clinic is analytically oriented and is within easy reach of London. Weekly case conferences are held and PSWs take part in long-term case-work with the Psychiatrists and Child Psychotherapists. The present PSWs, Miss Radford and Miss Baker are willing to answer enquiries (ILFord 5726).

Application to be made by letter, giving full details of age, qualifications and experience to the Borough Education Officer, Town Hall, Ilford, within 14 days of the appearance of this advertisement.

EAST SUSSEX EDUCATION COMMITTEE

CHILD GUIDANCE SERVICE

Applications are invited for the post of PSYCHIATRIC SOCIAL WORKER at the Bexhill Child Guidance Clinic. Candidates should hold the Mental Health Certificate of a recognised training course. Salary in accordance with the Whitley Council Professional and Technical Council 'A' Scale. Further particulars and application forms obtainable from the Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Lewes, Sussex.

ESSEX EDUCATION COMMITTEE

YOUTH SERVICE AND YOUTH EMPLOYMENT SERVICE

Applications are invited from suitably qualified women for appointments as Assistant Youth Officer at Dagenham and Walthamstow to assist the Youth Officers in organising and developing the Youth Service and the Youth Employment Service.

Degree or appropriate diploma required and experience in all aspects of the Youth Service including Youth Employment.

Salary in accordance with APTD III (£960 to £1,140 per annum plus London Weighting).

Forms and further particulars available (s.a.e.) from Chief Education Officer, County Offices, Chelmsford.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ADMINISTRATIVE COUNTY OF WILTS.

Applications invited from qualified women preferably holding the Home Office Certificate in Child Care, for post of Child Care Officer in Trowbridge. Salary within the scale of £665 to £975. Application forms with full details from the Clerk of the County Council, County Hall, Trowbridge, returnable by 9 January 1961.

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BBC requires Television Outside Broadcast Producer in London. Work involves production of various types of outside broadcast programmes, including sporting events and documentary features. Essential qualifications: good educational background, considerable knowledge of other sport or current affairs and national events, ability to think and act quickly. Television experience desirable but candidates without it must have good visual and journalistic sense and the adaptability necessary for Television work. Salary £1,545 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,970 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 60.G.613 N.Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within seven days.

LONDON School of Economics and Political Science. Applications are invited from graduates in Sociology, History or Politics for Assistant Lectureships in the department of Sociology. Salary scale £800 x £50 – £950 a year, plus £60 a year London Allowance; with superannuation benefits and family allowances. In assessing the starting salary consideration will be given to age and experience. It is hoped to make one appointment early in 1961 and a second from 1 October 1961. Applications, with the names of three referees, should be received not later than 7 January 1961 by the Secretary, The London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton Street, Aldwych, WC2, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer in Government (with special reference to Political and Social Theory). Salary scale £800-£950 per annum. Membership of FSSU and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than 4 February 1961, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

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PERSONAL—continued

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ROYAL Court. SLO. 1745 Thurs. next, Shelagh Delaney's The Lion in Love.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

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INTER-Varsity Club Dance, Fri. 30 Dec., 7.30-11.30 p.m. Chelsea Town Hall, admission, tickets 5s.

EXHIBITIONS

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Henry Moore: an exhibition of sculpture 1950-1960. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed 24-27 Dec. inclusive. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

THE Waddington Galleries: Hitchens, Yeats, Zack, Adler, Frost, Heron, Hilton, Wells and Wynter. 10-6, Sats 10-1. 2 Cork Street, W1.

GROSVENOR Gallery, 15 Davies St, W1. Picasso: Ceramics. Also continuing: Marc Chagall: signed lithographs, 1950-1960. 10-6. Sats 9.30-1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George St, W1. Adrian Heath – Paintings & Gouaches. Until 6 Jan. Daily 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

MOLTON Gallery – Small Paintings and Sculpture by International Artists from 14 December, 44 South Molton Street, W1. Daily 10-6, Saturdays 10-1.

HIGH Hill Gallery, 4 Hampstead High Street, NW3 (HAM. 8172). Paintings by Olive Cook and Edwin Smith. Weekdays 9.30-5.30 (Thurs 9.30-1).

EXHIBITIONS—continued

MURAL Art Today at the Victoria and Albert Museum. 10-6 daily, 2-6 Sundays. Admission 1s. 6d.

ZWEMMER'S, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. Works by Picasso, Braque, Picabia, Bott, Carzou, Stanley Spencer, Piper, Nolan, Boyd, Bratby & others. Wkdys 10-6. Sats 10-1.

KAPLAN Gallery, 6 Duke Street, St James's, SW1: Winter Exhibition – Paintings, Drawings etc. under £100. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1.

QUEENSWOOD Gallery, 214 Archway Rd, N6. Christmas Exhibition (2-20 gns). 10-5.30, Thurs. 10-1, Sat. 10-7.

NEW London Gallery, 17-18 Old Bond St, W1. E. W. Nay – paintings and watercolours. First one-man exhibition in London. Daily 10-5, Sats 10-12.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. Portraits of Fellows of the Royal Society, 1660-1680, Electricity in the Service of Medicine and other exhibitions. Mon.-Fri. 10-5. Adm. Free.

NUDES of Jean Straker – Photography 12-9. 5s. Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq., W1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

TAX REFUSAL CAMPAIGN

– poster parade to support tax refusers handing in Declaration to Treasury Friday, 30 Dec. Volunteers assemble 11 a.m. outside Treasury.

'THE Symbolic Christ.' Public lecture, 25 Dec., 8 p.m. Free lit. S.a.e. ULT, 62 Queen's Gdns, W2. PAD. 0688.

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